MAN!

"Man is the measurement of everything."

If There Is Anything That Cannot Bear Free Thought—Let It Crack—WENDELL PHILLIPS

Vol. 5—No. 7 1 (337) Los Angeles, Calif., September, 1937 Single Copies FIVE CENTS

WORKERS' RESPONSIBILITY IN SPAIN'S STRUGGLE

A people is being slaughtered.

A million of them have already been exterminated.

Millions others have lost their homes, their belongings and all possible means to sustain life.

The whole country is being ravaged by hordes of heinous gorillas, unprecendented in its destructiveness and bestiality.

The rivers of Spain are overflowed with the blood of workers and peasants.

Such is the grim tale of the year-old slaughter that has fallen on the Spanish workers.

Such is the death-dealing tragedy that has overtaken the people of Spain.

But who is responsible for this inhuman murder and pillage.

We know, of course, who were the perpetrators of this horrible butchery. We know that the two brigands—Hitler and Mussolini—who dominate the European continent with cannon and explosives have collusively organized the bloody spectacle for the glory and prestige of Fascist-Nazi predominance, as well as for material concessions that they will have reaped as their fruits of victory. We know that these two monster-bandits have sent their armies and aviation to crush the resistance so heroically offered by the workers and peasants of Spain. Finally, we know also that the criminal bands of Spanish royalty have formed a united front with these blood-thirsty gangsters for the avowed purpose of crushing the hard-fought and hard-earned constitutional republic and to set up a regime of Fascist dictatorship, or, as latest reports seem to indicate, reestablish the throne of the Alphonse dynasty.

All this is very clear to those who follow the events in Spain.

But the question still persists: Who is murdering the workers in Spain?

The workers!

Yes, the workers of England, France, Germany, Italy, America and the world over.

Now that the assertion is made let us go down to brass tacks: First and foremost we see a combined force of Italian, German and other addmixture of laboring elements battling under the banner of Franco's fascism the working class of the Spanish republic. It is true that these battling forces cannot nominally be identified with the working class since a majority of them are units of regular armies, sent into the battlefield perforce by their respective governments. That however does not minimize the fact that these soldiers are not of Royal blood, nor members of rich families. Never in the history of warfare did these select classes grace the field of battle. Always it was the laboring masses that supplied cannon-fodder for warring factions. And if these workers, or sons of workers, shoot down and kill their brothers—in misery simply becouse they are commanded to do so we cannot but look upon them as miserable creatures, traitors to their own cause.

Nevertheless, some measure of judgment can be allowed in dealing with soldiers of an army. Perhaps they are committing the hideous crime against their own will. The threat of the "firing squad" that faces a soldier for disobedience would be too much to expect he should lay down his gun. Moreover, when soldiers are ordered to the front they must either do or die . . . Well do we remember what happened in Kronstadt when the revolting sailors couldn't believe their own comrades, with whom together they fought side by side in the October revolution, would overnight turn their guns on them . . . But turn the guns they did . . . Right behind them followed columns of machine gunners selected from trusthworthy protectors of the Bolshevist regime, to mow them down as they dared hesitate . . .

That much consideration may be accorded the conscripted forces (though with some reservation . . . because a great number of them undoubtedly joined of their own free will either to fight and die for the glory of Fascism or as mercenary soldiers-of-fortune). But what shall we think of the workers behind the lines? Of those workers who make the ammunition, load the ships, carry the freight and provide all implements with which Franco and his thugs can afford to maim and slaughter the working class of Spain? What shall we think of the apathy and indifference with which organized labor throughout the world treats this most brutal onslaught upon their class brothers?

It is a crying shame that the labor movement in England should go on with the Tories' 7½ billion armament program and remain deaf to the agonized cries of the laborers of Spain.

It is a crying shame that the workers in France should enjoy peacefully their "reform" gifts while Spanish workers are drowned in blood.

It is a crying shame that the conscience of the workers in Germany has become so numb with enthusiastic madness for Der Fuerer not to feel the heart-rending groans of the dying Spanish workers.

It is a crying shame that the workers in Italy should be so blinded with admiration for Il Duce not to see how the Spanish workers are crushed under his iron heels.

It is a crying shame for the workers in America to become embroiled in a fight for political supremacy of their union leaders while the Spanish workers gasp their last in a bitter struggle for life and liberty.

Spain's workers bleed and die while the workers of the world fiddle.

Just think what would happen if a general strike is called to shut down all the factories where bombs and explosives are manufactured for the Hitler-Mussolini-Franco outfit! Just think what would happen if a stoppage is called in all the shipyards, the waterfronts, the transportation systems and all oher vehicular means that supply war material for this gang of murderers! What could Franco, with all support given him by the Fascist countries, do if he lacked the facilities to secure ammuniton and supplies for his military campaign? In a very short while all the armed thugs under his command would, unquestionably, be driven out from Spanish soil.

That, indeed, should be the course undertaken by the international proletariat, were it not for the political ambition of the leaders standing at the helm of organized labor; too much of their personal careers would be at stake if they permitted anything like that to happen. The workers themselves are too disillusioned with the chaotic state of affairs in the land of proletarian dictatorship (?) to look with optimism for a successful proletarian society in Spain and therefore assume a "laissez faire" attitude towards the whole bloody class struggle. Added to this are the evil forces—the church and the press—that work feverishly to arouse public opinion against the defenders of the Spanish republic by spreading insidious lies about wholesale shooting of priests and looting of churches—which no doubt mark their influence upon a great portion of church-going workers. Meanwhile the Spanish workers are bled to death, their wives raped and bayonetted, their children torn to shreds by bombs and machine guns. A whole people is being exterminated at the hands of a most vicious, criminal and degenerate clique of monster barbarians.

Yet organized labor, and the unorganized as well, cannot shirk the responsibility for this terrible bloodshed which is, ideologically at least, theirs. It's no use fooling ourselves by throwing the guilt upon this or that government. We have nothing in common with them. Their sympathies or antipathies for the Spanish republic are governed by the measure of protection their capitalist investors would expect from either side of the conflict. Even the so-called "neutrality" pact was enacted to serve as a clever piece of diplomacy, its purpose being to manifest before the eventual victorious side how thoroughly neutral they kept while the struggle for control of Spain was being fought.

The responsibility rests solely with the working class of the world.

The cry for a General Strike at every port, in every shop and every warehouse where any sort of provision destined for the fascist bandits is being prepared must be taken up by the whole proletariat. Every spoken or printed word must spread like lightening among all those wishing to see Fascism defeated in Spain, calling upon the proletarian world to STRIKE, even though it be against the plans and wishes of trade union (mis)-leaders.

Indirectly a defeat of Fascism in Spain would also mean a deathblow to Fascism in Italy, Germany and Portugal.

The workers of the world posses the power to call a halt to the wholesale massacring of the Spanish working class. If the workers of the world fail to rise and unite in concerted action to deprive Fascism of its weapons of war the death of Spain's workers and the defeat of their heroic and magnificent battle for liberation will be laid at their door.

SAMUEL POLINOW

CONTENTS

WORKERS' RESPONSIBILITY IN SPAIN'S STRUGGLE ..... Samuel Polinow
SPAIN AFTER ONE YEAR (Poem) ..... Lisa Luchkovsky
"LEGAL" JUSTICE IN ALABAMA ..... Editorial
THAT OLD GIRL—THE CHURCH AND AUTHORITARIANISM ..... Laurence Labadie
ON THE BLOCK ..... Santa-Panta
INFAMOUS DEPORTATION LAW STILL MENACES FERRERO AND SALLITTO ..... James Boise
THE REVOLUTION OF THE SEXES ..... Anonymous
CHICORY CORNERS ..... Neil Turnspur
UNDER A BULGARIAN DICTATORSHIP ..... Correspondence
IN RETROSPECT OF CURRENT EVENTS ..... Marcus Graham
LIFE AND SOCIETY ..... E. Armand
FAR SEEKERS, PURITAN, OUT OF THE STILLNESS (Three Poems) ..... Jean R. Miller
REBEL POETS (Poem) ..... Lucia Morse Rimbach
ART AND ONE'S NEIGHBORS ..... Harold Preece
FASCISM'S REIGN IN ETHIOPIA ..... Reprint of News Item
CORRESPONDENCE AND DISCUSSION ..... Chung Shing, G. L. Louis Raymond
BOOK REVIEWS ..... M. G.
INDEPENDENCE (Poem) ..... Jack Greenberg
THE REPORTER (Part Two of a Novelette) ..... William Allen Ward
UNDER THE REIGN OF THE IRON HEEL — GOVERNMENTS ..... News Items from Italy, Japan, Russia, Spain and United States.
INTER NOS and FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Spain — After One Year

O Spain
Tho all your cool brown earth
Be sodden deep with blood
And strewn with rotting flesh,—
Your SPIRIT
Mightier than all the deadly winds,
Remains untouched!

O Spain
Tho blackest terror seeks
To blight the air you breathe
And stifle freedom's voice,—
Your SPIRIT
Holds the torch of liberation,
Unscathed and firm!

O Spain
That from your cool brown earth
Fertilized with flesh and blood,
A great emancipated root
To SPROUT
So strong and free,—
That those who died
That you may live,
Shall not have died in vain!

July, 1937. LISA LUCHKOVSKY

"Legal" Justice in Alabama

On March 25, 1931, nine Negro boys were arrested at Point Rock, Alabama, charged with attacking two white girls in the freight train they were all riding in. The ordeal that these nine boys have been subjected to for close to seven years has finally begun to strike the "law and order" brethren of the state of Alabama. Not that they had a change of heart towards the nine Colored boys. Oh, no! That would be expecting miracles to happen, and these never do.

It is the protest and ridicule that the whole process of the manner in which these nine boys were made to go through time after time, and which protest and ridicule threatened to bestow upon Alabama the same "fame" as the Scope trial did for the state of Tennessee, that caused the change of heart.

But, since idiocy seems to be an inherent part of every rulership, the state of Alabama does not wish to be an exception. Thus, one of the nine boys is re-sentenced to die; one to serve 99 years imprisonment; two to serve 75 years respectively; another one to 20 years (not at all on the rape charge, but for assaulting an officer), while the remaining four are set free—although having ben charged with identically the same crime as the other five!

What is needed then in order to bring about the liberation of the remaining five boys, is not only more and more ridicule of Alabama "legal" justice, but MORE AND MORE NATION AND WORLD-WIDE PROTESTS.

If the Scottsboro case shall ever have served any good purpose, it would be in bringing every exploited and ruled man and woman of this or any other land to a realization that as long as we are forced to live under a system of legalized economic exploitation, plus its forceful protector—the State, no change for the better can or should be expected.

That OLD GIRL—The CHURCH and AUTHORITARIANISM

Notwithstanding alleged proofs to the contrary, it is only too probable that somewhat less than 2000 years ago there lived on this planet a man named Jesus Christ. True, about his early life until the age of 30 very little is known or certain. But from that time until his death he did and said plenty. He was one of the first, if not the first, to propound an entirely new political doctrine—the equality of man. Speaking in terms then currently understood, he claimed that before the supreme being each man was equally answerable. Respect to kings, priests, plutocrats, and politicians was subservient to respect for the moral law: Do unto others as you would that they do unto you.

Obviously such a subversive doctrine was inimical to the then intrenched powers and interests. And as it spread, and because Christ himself was not averse to using force, going as far as driving money changers physically from the temple, they became determined to have his scalp. Taken before the rulers of the time, he was questioned by the lawyers on his attitude toward the high-muckymucks, whereupon he answered that one should "Render unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's and to God the things that were God's." He was altogether too smart to fall into their trap. If Caesar had anything coming he was entitled to it. Howbeit, "if" is sometimes a very big word indeed.

But scoundrels are not always easily outwitted. Here was a dangerous man who must be silenced. They had made the mistake of letting him go and now were obliged to search for him. Christ was no martyr to deliberately put his life at the disposal of despots. He was in hiding and probably might never have been apprehended were it not for the betrayal by one pimp of privilege, by the name of Judas, for thirty pieces of silver.

That Christ was a revolutionist, of the liberating variety, is too obvious to admit of argument. It was this, and this alone, that caused his brutal murder by the authorities. But pertinent to note is that Christ erected no dogmas and established no church. It was not until several centuries later that the Roman Catholic Church was established, with the Pope as its infallible head. Of its subsequent history the less said the better.

Since the time of Christ, thousands, perhaps millions, are the churches and creeds that have bunked and mulct the public in his name. All those connected with this enterprise have not been hypocrites, of course. Indeed, many are the men, and women, with hearts larger than their heads who have used this instrumentality to benefit mankind and make smooth the road. But taking it all in all, what with the bigotry, persecution, and exploitation which has been its lot, the church, every church, has assuredly very little to boast of.

* * *

So we come to the present day. In many respects the world has advanced, but in others not at all. Today the world is in turmoil; reaction flagrant and unashamed is in the saddle. The great strides in material science are being used for destruction, but their advance has been performing a destruction, of an entirely different nature. They have been demolishing the dogmas of the organized church, that is, of so-called Christianity. The church has been having a sorry time of it trying to backwater as fast as scientific knowledge was extirpating its superstitions. Fewer and fewer are the civilized and intelligent men who seriously entertain its memories. It rests more and more on the credulity of the ignorant and unthinking. The old girl is in disrepute and her influence is surely crumbling.

Time was when the plutocrats found the church a strong bulwark in their plundering. The marriage of those shady characters, the Church and State, formed good housekeepers for the spoilers. It might have looked for a time as though the union was "until death they would not part." But the Church becoming old and decrepit, probably worked to death, became also useless to old-strong-arm State who has erstwhile been engrafted with monkey glands. Such popinjays as Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini, and others whom we might mention, do not find it necessary to call upon God to bless their acts. A strong arm and a weak conscience form their tools of trade.

Yes sir, take a look about you. Russia, Italy, Spain, Germany, Mexico, North and South America—wherever you cast your eyes—the Church is ceasing to be a bulwark to the privileged powers. They simply do not need it any more. And the Church is beginning to realize it. It is now becoming the question whether "We must all hang together or we will all hang separately." It is, however, a sad commentary on our time that the Church is being attacked with violence.

And the people! Yes, they too, upon scanning the beneficence of our productive possibilities, are beginning to become restless about pie in the sky by and bye. They are beginning to hanker for a little slice right here and now. And unless the Church assists toward this end ITS END is prematurely doomed.

* * *

Father Coughlin! Without conclusive proof to the contrary I shall continue to believe him an honest man. It is doubtful if he thoroughly understands the historical causes that place him in the arena for social reform. Yet he is nobody's fool. Amid the welter of nonsensical diagnosis and puerile nostrums of our quack doctors today, he aims directly at the heart of our economic malady—the Money Racket. No one but a moron can today fail to see that the money monopoly is the greatest instrument for human exploitation that has existed in the time of man. Money Interest, Indebtedness to Financial Sharks—without a speedy ousting of these social millestones, and those responsible for them, we shall have to throw ourselves again in the laps of the gods, who, as Mencken says, have always fooled us in the past. Has Father a solution? Indeed he has, and what a solution, oh me, oh my! "Cong-gress alone shall have the power to coin money and regulate the value thereof." It seems the trouble lies in that the wrong gang is in control. Shades of Marxism!

Is Coughlin right? Well, somebody's wrong, maybe it's we. Even so, let's look into his political credo.

The whole basis of Father Coughlin's religious creed is postulated on the natural depravity of man. Man is born in sin. If he does not submit to the ministrations of Father Caughlin and his associates, at birth, during his life, and at his death, always for a consideration, he is likely to have tough sledding in the life to come. At least so says every "christian" church. Indeed, were it not for man's alleged original depravity the raison d'etre for the church just wouldn't be. Were we not a bunch of devils, potential if not actual, the church would have to shut up shop.

And if God must have emissaries to handle his supernatural affairs, it is only one jump to the proposition that man must have "representatives" to take care of his mundane affairs. You know! Law and Order, and all that sort of stuff. Only we must be careful to get the right men as bosses. God, the big boss, with the pulpit pounders helping him; man, the straw boss, with kings and presidents, no, we have advanced, dictators to set him right. In brief, Father Coughlin is necessarily an authoritarian. The people cannot handle their own money matters. Someone must do it for them. Or, perchance, can it be that Congress is the voice of the people? Seems I have heard something like that before. Oh yes, "of the people, by the people, and for the people." It's good for headaches for it says so right on the bottle.

But why bring God into a discussion of monetary affairs? For only one reason, my dear friend. It was necessary to do so to show that Father Coughlin is necessarily a governmentalist. His religious and social theories are grounded in the idea of outhority. He was brought up this way and his schooling has been in the same vein. He could hardly be expected to think otherwise. The idea of a non-governmental society would be as difficult for Father Coughlin to comprehend as going to heaven is to me.

"But is Father Coughlin really sincere," has been slyly asked by wise-acres. Well, what difference does it make? My doctor may be the most well-intentioned but if he subscribes to some crack-brained theory for my cure I'm inclined to believe the results of his treatments would be the same as if he eagerly wished to transport me to . . . well, wherever we're transported to. Father Coughlin, just like the communists whom he castigates, is dominated by a crackpot despotic-political doctrine.

But here's a tip for him. It is not private banking that causes our woes, dear Father, it is MONOPOLIZED banking. The difference? It's this. The basis for the issue of money is LIMITED BY LAW to gold and governmental bonds and these are held by a handful of grafters in this country. There is a government tax of 10% on all money issues not backed by gold, which is just as prohibitive as hanging anyone who attempts to furnish a circulating medium at cost with anything other than gold as a basis. Every producer of no matter what commodity must now go to the holder of that one commodity, GOLD, if he wishes to get a circulating medium. You can bet your shirt that such producers will be soaked for the service "as high as the market will bear." Free the banking function from the gold basis monopoly, Father Coughlin, then let free competition solve the interest problem. Is it not stupid to think that a bunch of scheming crackpots in Washington (whom in the same breath you condemn yet wish to let control our money) are either intelligent or honest enough to be intrusted with the most important function in modern industrial society?

There is only one solution to the problem of delegating social functions. And that is to permit anyone or any group to attempt to perform the function in question if they believe they can do it successfully in the opinion of voluntary co-operators. This is the method of liberty. Anyone who denies this liberty by proposing to erect an artificial and forcible creation of monopoly, as Father Coughlin does, has no right to speak in the name of liberty and justice and will ever be considered an enemy of society by true libertarians insofar as such proposals are concerned. If father Coughlin wishes to gain the sympathy of free, fearless, and independent men he must come out avowedly for free banking, else he will have as followers, sheep. He will have to relinquish his proposal to make men the puppets of a monopoly, whether private or State. It is a poor proposition, and not libertarian, to replace one set of bandits, the Federal Reserve System, by another, the political manipulators of the coercive State.

But who knows, perhaps the doctor-father who has probably the greatest following of any man in America today is doing some good after all. He is worth listening to. But his cure! Phooey, it's so old it smells bad. One taste of your medicine, dear doctor, might cause us to prefer the disease. Yet one loves to dream. I am sometimes inclined to believe that if Father Coughlin and, say, Henry Ford, had the intelligence and intestinal fortitude (thanks Father) they could break up this money racket in one year. Butlll Well, there you are!

LAURENCE LABADIE

* * *

P.S.—Since the above was written, the emphasis Father Coughlin has been placing on Hitler and Stalin in contrast to the relative lenient criticism of Mussolini in speaking of the evils of dictatorship, and his sympathies toward the fascists in Spain makes one wonder whether he is not loyal to his church first and to humanity afterward.—L.L.

(Our collaborator, Laurence Labadie, has, of course the privilege of choosing to accept the mythical existence of Christ as a probability. We do not. Neither do we accept his free banking panacea . . . In a free society we cannot imagine of any sort of a monetary system at all.—EDITOR).

ON THE BLOCK

Every bloom has her May,
Every dog has his day,
Every man has his say . . .

GUATALARALA

Who do you think has given us the Romance of the Century, Windsor and Wally? Carl and Lupescu? Nothing doing! The real romance that should captivate the hearts of all fingernail polished gals is the pure love that has binded forever-after the two darlings of the European continent—Mussolini and Hitler. Yes, Italy (Mussolini) and Germany (Hitler) entered into a holy alliance. What a sacred marriage this is going to be. Just think of it: Germany, who in 1914 declared her agreement with Belgium a "scrap of paper," and Italy who threw her pact with Germany to the winds for fear she might be on short end of the war, have now clasped hands in holy matrimony.

You do love me, don't you Adolph?
Ja, ja, mein lieber Benito . . .

* * *

For many years Zinoviev and his comrades have pleaded with the Czar of Russia to be shot—but all in vain. The bloody tyrant somehow allways managed to get out of it. He sent them to Siberia, gave them katorga, kept them in all the dungeons available—but shoot? No siree! not while Romanoff wore the imperial crown.

He must have been a clever guy that Nicholas. He left all the dirty work to the disciples of Karl Marx—Stalin and his co-rulers over Russia.

* * *

The noble legions of Il Duce, who for eight months have showered the people of Ethiopia with lilies and daffodils, are now engaged in the noble task of shooting down irresponsible natives who set out on a business of loot and plunder. This is something the noble folowers of Il Duce couldn't tolerate. No! Never!

And just to show how two loving hearts can beat as one, handsome Adolph, whose paid yokels so heroically bomb and machine-gun helpless women and children in Spain, calls the Spanish defenders "Red murderers."

Mr. Devil, you're a sissy if you ain't laffin'.

* * *

Mew . . . Mew . . . Mew . . .
What's the matter pussy?
Mew . . . Mew . . . Mew . . . (I gave birth to quints and quads and nobody gives a damn)
You dumb cat. Don't you know kittens never grow up to be lawyers, bankers, brokers, jailers, floggers, shirters, executioners, bombers, dictators, clubbers, night-riders, devil-chasers and such others of this noble profession?
Mew . . . Mew . . . Mew . . . (but we ain't never bottered nobody).
Aw, nuts! You always was a dumb cat.

Question.—Who told the biggest lie?
Answer. Joseph, the son of Jacob (about his tryst with Potiphar's wife).
Question:—Who told the biggest truth?
Answer. Mussolini, when in one of his sword-brandishing speeches he said: "There has never been but one means in the world of imposing one's will on peoples: Force!"

* * *

According to reports from the Spanish front church bells chime merrily when the columns of Moorish troops enter a captured city. It strikes this columns that the Holy Cross must be at a pretty low ebb when Mohammed has to send his legions of the Koran to conquer cities for the Catholic domain. But maybe the Moors are captivated by the Christian love the Holy Father is bestowing upon the people of Spain. At any rate, the battle hymn from now on is to be:

Onward Mohamedan Soldiers
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

* * *

Coronation memories. Glancing at George VI in his resplendent cape, satin breeches and spitoon on the annointed head makes us feel sort of glad with our not being obligated to put up with such an ordeal.

* * *

What strange creatures are human beings. They think nothing of shooting down strikers, of trampling under horse hungry marchers, of slaughtering thousands of their race for the glory of an aspiring dictator, but should a man become entrapped in a mine or suffer death through explosion of an oxygen tank the whole human race bow their heads in grief.

* * *

Peace on earth, good will among men is at last ruling our little world. What, guns are booming? swords are glittering? battlefields are strewn with dead and wounded? That's all nonsense. You know darn well there couldn't be any war without an official declaration. Ask the League of Nations if a war has ever been declared in the past two decades.

SANTA-PANTA

"The friends of the Communist Party are to be met everywhere. In the churches, in the caves of counter-revolution, on the road of terrorism. They are scarce in the trenches where fascism is fought. There they stay only the necessary number of days to get a title of commissar or a "star" which will justify their position in the retroguard where they hold liberally paid positions, and where they "control" all that the defenseless workers do to save the economic structure of the country, through a rational system of production in a collectivist regime."—"FRENTE LIBERTARIO" (Organ of the Confederated Militia, Madrid, May 27, '37.)

INFAMOUS DEPORTATION LAW STILL MENACES FERRERO and SALLITTO

Victims of a well organized conspiracy to destroy this very publication, Vincent Ferrero and Domenick Sallitto are still in danger of being deported to Fascist Italy where the criminal bands of Mussolini's squadristi can complete the despicable work of destroying their lives and their families started by the Department of Labor, under the jurisdiction of our gracious liberal lady Frances Perkins.

According to information published by the Ferrero-Sallitto Defense Conference of New York, over 500 trade union organizatins have protested this criminal attempt to infringe upon the right of the individual to entertain his own political beliefs; hundreds of liberal writers and professors have demanded the liberation of Ferrero and Sallitto and tens of thousands of individual protests have flooded the Department in Washington. However, this great wave of indignation and disapproval does not bother the "liberal" administration in the least, and, as is to be expected, the voice of the few reactionary lords of industry and finance finds a better reception than that of the vast ranks of the liberty-loving people.

Ferrero and Sallitto were arrested in April, 1934, in Oakland, California, and since then have lived under the threat of being delivered to the executioners of that infamous criminal who has butchered and corralled the Italian workers. For months, agents of the federal government had been intimidating and threatening readers and subscribers of MAN! with the aim of destroying and eliminating the publication without the trouble of a legal prosecution. But the readers held fast and MAN! survived. Reaction, however, doesn't give up so easily and Ferrero and Sallitto, who were once marked for persecution because they had dared to rent office space to the editor of this publication in the same premises where they were operating a small restaurant, are still facing deportation. Of course, under every tenable principle of law, renting office space does not constitute a crime, but no principle of law, no conception of fairness stands any chance of consideration when confronted with the well known cravings of persecution deeply rooted in the reactionary minds of those in the services of the Department of Labor of the United States.

The case of Ferrero and Sallitto has been fought bitterly through a three-year long struggle which has aroused so much public interest as never before in any other case of deportation. The two cases have been appealed to the Board of Review on various occasions and have also been taken to the federal courts.

Hearings on the writs of habeas corpus in New York were held February 4, 1936, in the District Court for the Southern District of New York. On March 26, Federal Judge Fancis G. Caffey handed down a reactionary decision dismissing the writs and sustaining the Department. This decision was appealed and, after having spent three months in Ellis Island, the two men were released on $1000 bail each, pending the appeal.

In October, 1936, the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals sustained the decision of the lower court, upholding the order of deportation, leaving, as a last avenue of appeal, a recourse to the U.S. Supreme Court. However, at this juncture the procedure in the two cases was split and, while the case of Domenick Sallitto was taken back to the Department of Labor with an application for the cancellation of the warrant of deportation, that of Vincent Ferrero was carried to the U.S. Supreme Court through a writ of certiorari. But the court dismissed the writ on February 1, 1937, thus closing the way for any further court action. Ferrero was ordered to surrender for deportation once more but was later released on bail and given two 90-day stays. Both men are at present (August, 1937) under the jurisdiction of the Department of Labor and out on bail, pending further consideration of their cases.

It is necessary to note at this point that the U.S. courts have carried out for years a settled policy of non-interference in deportation cases where the question of weight of evidence is involved and constantly refuse to review the facts. This policy deprives the "alien" of the opportunity of a public trial on the charges, and of the benefit of review in court, leaving his fate completely in the hands of the Department of Labor which, in reality, is prosecutor, jury and judge at the same time.

The contention that Ferrero and Sallitto fell victims of a well organized plot to destroy MAN! is sustained by the contents of the records in both cases which are composed almost exclusively, of excerpts and quotations from various issues of this publication. The men have never been accused of the commission of any overt act but have been classified as members of an "organization which believes in, teaches and advocates the overthrow of the United States by force and violence." Capital has been made by the fact that the mail address of MAN! was at their place of business, and that the editor of MAN! had on the mezzanine floor of that place a number of books of "an anarchist nature."

Thus, while from far and wide, from every corner of this "land of the free and home of the brave," we hear an ever increasing chorus of hosannahs to our "democratic" form of government and to the good will of our "progressive" administration—put into power with the votes of organized labor and of those of the entire political liberal spectrum—we witness at the same time a relentless attack on the freedom of the press, and which attack has been shamefully ignored by the so-called liberal press of the country.

Leaving aside the question of human and civil rights, the first amendment to the constitution itself denies to Congress the power to enact legislation abridging the freedom of speech and of the press. However, through these infamous deportation laws applied against non-citizens Congress has found a way of sending to hell the constitution and of doing away with the freedom of the press. The supreme tribunal of the land, in its inherent subservience to the powers that be, has found these laws constitutional, but the final word as to the freedom of the individual to think and to utter freely rests with the people. And sooner or later they will do away with a rotting system which, disregarding the most elementary rights of the human being, enslaves and exploits the people in the name of an order and justice that have never existed, and which is, as yet, to come into being.

JAMES BOLER

The Revolution of the Sexes

While stitching feverishly on her sewing machine, our pretty little comrade answers our daring questions.

—There are two things that thoroughly offend a woman:
—to call her ugly, or to become interested in her age.

—However; I'm neither lying in what I'm saying, nor hiding what I am.

—Nor could your face, free from makeup, belie the truth?

—Makeup will make a beautiful woman ugly and an ugly one uglier.

—As far as I can see you are a free woman.

—I aspire to be just a woman, without any other qualification.

—Do you read?

—And live.

—What is your opinion of feminism?

—As in everything else, one must distinguish the essential from the nominal.

—How do you conceive feminine freedom?

—As functional and immediate, not literary.

—Do you expect this freedom from the laws?

—No.

—From masculine support?

—By my own efforts.

—In what do you base this liberty?

—In its own development and the exercise of my abilities.

—Which are these?

—Diligent work, science, art, philosophy among others.

—Do you believe in feminine self-sufficiency?

—I do not believe in any kind of sufficiencies or totalities.

—Is woman the equal of man?

—Woman is neither superior nor inferior to man.

—Is she different?

—A woman is a woman and a man a man. A woman should become more of a woman and a man more of man.

—Isn't this a peril to equality?

—Equality, in anything, is absurd. It is monotony; it is death. Two electric currents of the same kind will repel themselves.

—What is your opinion of the superiority of the stronger sex?

—That it is a myth. Woman is no more the slave of man than she is of herself. Man is no more a slave to conventions than of his own ignorance and fear.

—How do you coceive love?

—Love is not CONCEIVED. It is FELT. All that we feel is explained by our own emotions. Theories and cerebral definitions of love are pure pedantry. Such definers are pedants.

—What is your opinion of prostitution?

—That only women and the sexes become prostituted.

—Do you deem it necessary?

—I consider it an insult to man, to woman, and to civilization.

—How to suppress it?

—By discarding laws and moralizing habits. Re-educating ourselves sexually.

—And free love?

—Free love or indiferent love. Slavery in love does not exist.

—Woman's role in the revolution?

—Woman's role in life. The revolution is as unalterable a phenomenon as life itself. Revolution is eternal.

—Relations between the sexes?

—Penetration, compatibility, perfection. An individual is not patterned by man without woman, nor woman without man. An individual is a human couple bonded by the love that is the greatest expression of life. Whether in the home or factory, in economics or in culture, in peace or in war. Man and woman must present a united front of assiduity and struggle.

—Which are the worst enemies to a close collaboration between the sexes?

—Frivolity of both sexes. Inversion of fashion. Injections of capitalistic civilizaton. Prosecution by the authorities. Human cowardice, moral laxity, phenomenons all perfectly conquerable by tenacity of a collective iron will, profoundly revolutionary and simultaneously acting on the means as well as the mind.

(RUTA, Barcelona, Spain) —Anonymous

Chicory Corners

Dear M.G.: I wanted to tell you something of the impressions gathered by an experiment in social credit, psycho-economics and financial chicanery conducted by the "Green Iris Club," the latest misadventure away from monotony undertaken by the kaffee-klatchers of Chicory Corners. Briefly, it was based on the theory that the best way to pick winning horses in a race is to select the horses with the most appropriate and generally pleasing names. We held that an owner who gives a good name to a horse, is also likely to see that his horse is well cared for, enter it in the races where it has the best chances and send it back to the farm if it doesn't measure up to his expectations. We skipped the numerological significance of names and just let ourselves be guided by sound and ideas conveyed by the names. We were fairly successful at the Queens Park races and then started in to study all the horses on five or six other tracks.

Of course, we lost some money and one of our members with a cash-and-carry complex couldn't understand how a sufficient number of successful plays could swallow up the losses. Hence, we started classes in social credit, Gesell's natural economic order, the principles of turnover and short-play in finance, and finally we came to roller-betting. We just weren't good enough to play parleys so we found a friendly bookie who let us keep our profits and play on our original capital until we lost it. In roller-betting you modestly try to get rich by addition rather than by the multiplication system in parleys.

But why should I, brought up more or less in the Methodist faith, skeptically and conservatively opposed to gambling by nature, and hitherto aloof to bookies, sellers of stocks, and the like, explain such things to the more sophisticated. Suffice, to say that I found myself in a new world, and being $2.55 ahead of the game, although through a misunderstanding with the friendly bookie, I can't collect it, I am now turning my attention to a psycho-economic survey of mining stocks, utilities, beverages, food products and patent medicines. There's a stock listed under the name "Omega" and I'm trying to find out whether it is a mine or a liniment or the last word in the Protocols of Zion.

There's this much to be said about a stockbroker's office. In a police raid, the officers are not likely to arrest you as a frequenter if you are just sitting comfortably in an arm chair watching the board. While I feel that in most wars and other heavy endeavors, the first seven weeks are always the hardest, yet I don't think I've quite done my duty by the noble sport of kings and its attendant financial industry. I still skulk sheepishly into a bookmaker's office, not with the obviously clear conscience, frank, open manner in which I saunter into a beer parlor. As an anarchist, I have always contended that the less one has to do with law and order, meaning policemen, judges and the like, the better. It is a theosophical dictum that vibrational affinity renders the thief no better than the policeman, so I realize I was heading for undesirable company when as a "thief" (aiming to filch money from poor bookies with wives and children depending on them) I skulked into their establishments.

However, no great harm has resulted so far as I know. The Green Iris club is disbanding, having paid back $1.19 on each dollar subscribed by its members (including three members who actually paid in their capital), having paid sundry odd amounts into the left-hand pockets of the operator and donated bits of silver to medicants for good luck's sake.

NEIL TURNSPUR

Under a Bulgarian Dictatorship

In spite of the persecutions to which it is exposed, the anarchist movement in Bulgaria is continually extending its action against fascism and in defence of the Spanish revolution. A large number of comrades have been arrested, among them being twenty students who were surprised by the police on the occasion of a meeting in a park in Sofia for the discussion of anarchist propaganda among the students.

A month ago Budorov, who had escaped from the prison of Sliven, was condemned to death because he had killed the governor of the prison, who had recognized him in the street and tried to arrest him.

Shortly afterwards, the Sofia police arrested twelve comrades, among them being the well known militant, Daskalov, confiscated a part of the archives of the Anarchist Federation, as well as much propagandist reading matter, and the printing press of the illegal organ of the Federation, BREAD AND LIBERTY. In order to wring information from them the prisoners were seriously ill-treated by the police. One of them, Teodor Gurdikov, committed suicide in consequence.

The sanguinary oppression of the Bulgarian people and especially of the anarchist movement, by the military fascist government, is becoming worse and worse. The hatred felt by the bourgeoise and the government camarilla towards the conscious people and the fighters for liberty knows no bounds. Particularly since now at the last "elections" 65% refrained from voting. All the people's organizations are suppressed. All work, all activity of an essential cultural and progressive nature is forbidden. Only newspapers, periodicals and books, breathing an openly nationalist and fascist spirit can be published legally.

Notwithstanding all persecutions and deeds of violence, the feelings of human solidarity among the Bulgarian people and the desire for liberty are stronger than ever, and they will continue the fight till they have obtained complete freedom. — **PRESS SERVICE INTERNATIONAL ANTI-MILITARIST COMMISSION.**

IN RETROSPECT OF CURRENT EVENTS

Whose "Servants"—Legislators?

When Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President of the United States in 1932 the capitalist system of this country was facing its gravest crisis. Mr. Hoover was discredited as the "great engineer"—who had engineered very well indeed—in behalf of the capitalists of the land. The molders of so-called public opinion were preparing the people for the need of a new Messiah, but in reality, it was for saving the capitalist system from utter collapse. That Mr. Roosevelt has filled the bill very well, has already been fully attested to by the yearly financial balances that every corporation that thrives upon mulcting and exploiting the people has so far been able to show.

To the credit of Mr. Roosevelt it must be said that he has never hidden the fact that his main aim was to save the present capitalist system. Being of wealthy origin, he has himself cited this fact as proof that he would not undermine that kind of a system that made possible his inheritance. Despite this frank admittance, Mr. Roosevelt, by and with the aid of clever ghost writers, has been raised into sort of an "heroic saviour" of the common man—the champion of a "new deal."

Mr. Roosevelt has not failed his tutors. In fact, he proved to be a very willing and abiding pupil. After reigning for four long years, he was "courageous" enough to admit that his entire "new deal" programme is being knifed in the back by the nine old men that constitute the United States Supreme Court. Having made this discovery, Mr. Roosevelt fired off early this year two radio broadcasts against that august body which he held up to ridicule and denunciation as to the third legislative body of the land which refuses to pull along with the other two willing legislative servants of the people, that of himself, and of the joint Congress.

Those who know better, knew that Mr. Roosevelt was doing quite a bit of lying as regards to the assertion of the U.S. Supreme Court being a legislative organ. No such power has ever been delegated to that pre-sumptuous body. In granting to them such a right, Mr. Roosevelt committed exactly the same sort of Judas betrayal that John Marshall had once before performed in behalf of American capitalism.

After several blasts against the U.S. Supreme Court Mr. Roosevelt became mute, deaf and dumb. He never even as much as uttered a direct reply to the well organized and financed campaign of the Daily Liars in the daily press against his court plan. The burial of his plan was carried out with the chief aid of the very legislators of his own party!

The betrayal of the so-called "progressive" Republican and Democratic legislators is no new thing in the annals of this country. That is the usual thing with legislators the world over. Still, those citizens who thought enough of their right to vote as something sacred must have felt that Mr. Roosevelt and his administration, whom they have helped to elect, should have at least come forward to blast hell out of the Judases within his own party. But nothing of the sort has happened. On the contrary, Mr. Roosevelt has come forward to claim in having achieved a victory in the very (?) defeat of his court plan since the U.S. Supreme Court has already rendered a few favorable decisions on his legislative programme!

By this summersault act Mr. Roosevelt has revealed himself in the true role of the ordinary peanut-politician-vendor. To have denounced the Judases of his own party would have split the party. To have told the truth that the legislative "servants" of the people have betrayed the trust given to them, was perhaps too much to have expected even of the highest "servant" of the people. As a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt has more than once revealed himself quite an able hand at shuffling cards against the true interests of the people.

The true calibre of the honesty of the people's servants, the legislators, was even more bluntly revealed in their last act before adjourning Congress. After having labored so hard to kill all the "must" legislation that portended to benefit the people, they refused to pass a $75,000 appropriation to carry out a census on unemployment and, instead, railroaded through a five million dollar appropriation to be taken from the WPA funds, giving each Congressman an opportunity to hand out no less than 20 graft jobs!

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green, speaking in the name of organized labor have already begun to express disappointment in the betrayals of the legislative "servants"—the very people whom they have helped to elect. But tomorrow we will no doubt see Mr. Lewis, Green and Company electioneering for new-to-be Judases.

Whatever the exploited people of this or any other land have ever achieved in the way of more happiness, justice and freedom—it has never been accomplished through the political road of governmentalism, but through the employment of direct economic action of strikes, mass revolts and rebellions. Messrs. Roosevelt, Green and Lewis—all good working tools in behalf of saving and perpetuating the capitalist system—know this very well. They know also that this is the sole purpose that the institution of Government has been founded for.

Only the misled people need to learn that much. And when they do, the reign of the Roosevelts, the Lewises and Greens, as well as of the whole capitalist misorder of life, and of its protector—the Government, will all have come to a long overdue and deserving end.

* * *

British Imperialism at Work

The proposal of the British Royal Commission to partition Palestine, giving one-third to the Jewish people and close to two-thirds to the Arabs, whilst allowing to itself free access to all the coastal corridors, reveals but British imperialism at its ugliest.

DIVIDE and RULE has ever been the policy of every exploiting system of rulership. British imperialism takes the forefront in this respect, with Benito Mussolini aiming to become a close second.

The action of the "majority" at the recently held Zionist Congress in agreeing to consider the proposal of the Royal Commission only serves to take off the cloak of hypocrisy from the rich Jewry that has been toying for so many scores of years with the fate and ordeals of the Jewish workers in Palestine.

The background of all the displayed hatred and arisen race riots between the Arab and Jew in Palestine has constantly been and still is—POVERTY. The rich Jewry has therefore very little to worry about, if not actually rejoicing, at the prospect of having titles bestowed upon them and being relegated to prospective rulers.

The problems, arising out of poverty, that confront the Jew and Arab alike in Palestine can only be truly solved if all those who benefit from their misery could be dispensed with. But to expect this to happen without a Social Rebellion is to build illusions upon sandy foundations.

* * *

Assassination and Dictatorship

The brutal assassination of Carlo and Nello Rosselli on June 9th, in the forest of Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, Normandy, France, furnishes another illustration as to the close relationship that exists between those who rule by the method of dictatorship and those who carry out assassinations.

Carlo Rosselli, who had escaped years ago from one of Mussolini's political exile islands, has been publishing an anti-fascist Italian newspaper in Paris, called GIUSTIZIA E LIBERTA. It became famous for its printing of many secret documents that proved to be not only startling in their revelations, but likewise a thorn to fascism's reign in Italy.

In March, 1936, Giuseppe Zanatta, a self-confessed spy in the employ of the Italian Government, confessed to Carlo Rosselli in having been sent with orders to kill the latter, and report to the Italian Vice-Council in Paris who gave him instructions and money. The first plot to kill Rosselli was thus thwarted by an awakened conscience within the mind of a spy.

But not every spie's conscience awakens in time. A year later a new spy-crew was sent to get Rosselli. This time the "mission" proved successful. (His brother Nello, who lived in Italy and never was molested, happened to be visiting Carlo, and no doubt fell a victim whilst attempting to defend his brother.) Both Carlo and Nello Rosselli were murdered, and up to now no trace of the assassins has been found.

Without the employment of terror, secret and open assassination of opponents,—no kind of dictatorship could last for long. But, the question arises of itself, can any dictatorship last forever—having established its reign upon a throne built upon the thousands of lives it has assassinated and the tens of thousands it has confined and is confining to the torture chambers, jails and exile?

The answer is not hard to find: it is written on the pages of every history book depicting man's unceasing struggle for the right to live as free human beings ought to.

* * *

Rulers and Political Asylum

The Argentine Government came forward on July 28 with a proposal to all those Governments that it maintains relations with to accept a common Treaty whereby Asylum should be granted to all such who flee from political persecution.

A most admirable proposal, if it were not to have come from a Government that has made for itself a record of suppression and hounding of every political dissenter within its own domain. But, living as we do, in a semi-crazy and rank hypocritical world, nothing need surprise anyone who retains a critical perception.

Under the cloak of "political asylum" the Argentine Government is not only attempting to perpetrate a piece of hypocritical chicanery. It is far more debasable than that. In unfolding the details and reasons for its proposal, the Argentine Government cites the fact that no less than eight European and nine American and Chinese legations at Madrid offered asylum to all such who felt themselves endangered by the failure of the fascists to inaugurate their bloody reign over the capital city of Spain.

It is no longer any secret as to who were those who sought shelter in the foreign legations of Madrid. Nor is at any longer a secret as to what these "politicals" were doing while being sheltered in the legations. Not only were they engaged in concocting plans for regaining their former power, but actually turned these legations into armories and spying headquarters in behalf of fascism.

It becomes therefore quite clear as to what is really hidden behind the cloak of the political asylum proposal of the Argentine Government. It is a concrete preparedness proposal to the governments of the world to meet any new revolutionary upheaval in even a more unanimous manner than was possible to do so in Madrid in 1936-1937. The dark forces of rulership are thus preparing not only to save their skins, but chiefly to make possible their finding havens wherefrom to prepare and stage every sort of counter-revolutionary move that would bring them back to power.

The proposed asylum treaty of the Argentine Government can but therefore have one effect: WHENEVER and WHEREVER Social upheavals come about—the oppressed who have risen in Rebellion will be in a better position to evaluate all such asaylum treaties at their true face value.

When Time shall Echo the Cry of the People, followed by Revolutionary Action for the Exploiters and Rulers of any land to March off the Scene—Move off they Will, despite all their schemes and plans to the contrary.

* * *

Spain's Double Tragedy

The foul assassination of Andrés Nin, leading spokesman of the POUM (United Marxist Workers Party) in Spain, the previous jailing of the entire Executive Committee of he same Party and 400 of its leading members, the suppression of the same Party's press and headquarters—was all but a mere Prologue to the similar treachery of the present Negrin regime that has been unloosened now against the Anarcho-Syndicalists and Anarchists of Spain.

Elsewhere within these pages appear detached details of the sinister attacks that the Negrin regime is now engaged in perpetrating against our Comrades in Spain, as also against other truly sincere revolutionists. Would we wish to give all the details in our possession an entire issue would not suffice.

What is prompting the Negrin regime to carry on NOW, whilst every effort should have been excerted in combatting the Fascist menacing monsters that are proceeding to spread out their wings upon more and more territory in Spain, a campaign against the most sincere revolutionary elements within Spain?

The Bolshevik Government kept aloof from rendering any aid to the defenders of freedom in Spain for more than three months. When they finally began to give aid it was not only for cold cash alone—but for a political stipulation as well. The stipulation aimed at changing not only the tactics pursued on the military battlefields, but on the economic field as well.

Why were such stipulations made? The answer is not hard to find. For more than seventy years the ANARCHIST influence upon the workers of Spain has been the predominating one out of all other political parties. Franco's counter-revolutionary attempt of July 19, 1936, only welded together the workers of Spain in the strongest sort of determination not only to annihilate forever this serpent, but at the same time to inaugurate a social revolution whereby the whole basis of society should be transformed into a libertarian, that is, an anarchist Communist one. Full success for both aims were as well as assured, despite the capitalist Governments' (including that of the Bolshevik in Russia) infamous (non)-Intervention Committee.

The position of Bolshevism in power in Russia has long become very shaky and questionable in the minds of the workers who had hoped and trusted so much in its achievements. The purges and wholesale executions ever since the assassination of one lone Government official, Kirov, only weakened more and more the position of the Bolshevik Government. A successful non-authoritarian country in Spain would have served as the most formidable lesson to the workers within or outside of Russia—of how a real free society can be built up. This fact alone, more than anything else, prompted the leaders of the Third International to force the hand of the Bolshevik Government in making the stipulation it did before agreeing to sell any arms to the struggling workers of Spain.

Thus it came about that the methods and tactics stipulated by the Bolshevik Government came to be imposed upon the fighting masses in Spain—with the dastardly results already spoken of.

And who else but the Fascists now fighting the people of Spain can and are benefitting from the actions of the Bolshevik Government, via the Negrin regime in Spain? The "strong" government of Negrin that is now engaged more feverishly in ferreting out every sincere voice of the revolutionists than in combatting the Fascist armies—has so far brought on nothing but defeat on the battlefields! And what else could have been expected from a pursued course of sowing hatred and disillusion among the very forces that should have been aroused to friendship, co-operation and hope—in their common struggle for the dawn of a real free tomorrow?

* * *

Our Comrades of the CNT-FAI have once made the terrible mistake of joining the Government of Valencia and Barcelona. Now they are engaged in aiding Largo Caballero to regain power in Spain. This cannot prove to be but another equally disastrous blunder. I must repeat, what I have already said on several occasions: The people of Spain, as well as those who came from every corner of the Globe—ready to lay down their lives (as thousands upon thousands have done already) have not done so, and are not doing it in order—that a Negrin or Caballero should head a government, or that a government should prevail at all.

It ought therefore to be the first object of our Comrades in Spain TO SHOW AND INSPIRE THE PEOPLE WITH THE KNOWLEDGE AND FEELING THAT NO KIND OF A GOVERNMENT IS NEEDED IN ORDER TO DEFEAT FASCISM AND AT THE SAME TIME TO SAVE THE GAINS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

If our Comrades in Spain fail in this respect, they will have failed the very ideal they have always professed, fought and sacrificed for so bravely. Such a failure cannot imply the failure of our ideal (as our political enemies are already pointing at—in the Anarchists' of Spain participation in the Government), but of themselves as individuals and as of a whole movement.

There is still time to realize one's mistakes, ERE IT PROVE TOO LATE—to save the heroic sacrifices that were already made by the people of Spain—and who are presently facing a double-tragedy, an avowed open enemy from without, and a sinister enemy from within.

MARCUS GRAHAM

MAN!

A Monthly Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement

MARCUS GRAHAM, Editor

Subscription Price: $1.00 per year, 6 months, 50c

Sample Copies Free Upon Request

MAN! invites the collaboration of all workers and artists who are in sympathy with our ideas to send us essays, prose, poems, and drawings. No payment can be made. Where return of manuscript is desired sufficient postage should be included.

Administration and Editorial Address

Box 24, Highland Park Station

Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A.

LIFE AND SOCIETY

E. Armand

The Anarchist Individualists wish to live their own lives in spite of and even against society. To this, the main objection of some people is that whether or not Anarchist Individualists wish it they still remain an integral part of the group they repudiate and without which they could not subsist.

Even as the judge, the businessman, and the prostitute, the Individualist is not outside this environment but plainly in the midst of it. He relishes the same joys and experiences, the identical sufferings as do his neighbors. He consumes their production and produces for their consumation. He could not even do without other men's efforts, whereas they could easily do without his. Like everyone else he fulfills the functions that preserve and perpetuate the species. In a word, nothing, as an anarchist Individualist, makes him differ from his fellow-men.

Now, at first glance it would appear difficult to contest the validity of such reasoning. But with a spark of reflection we realize that the argument attributes conceptions to society that simply depend upon Life; the latter is too much confounded with organized society. People fail to recognize the great power inherent to Life itself; they ignore the fact that the very complex living organisms subsist wonderfully well without organized society as man himself has done in the past.

Indeed, to breath, move, and reproduce are all phenomena which have nothing to do with the existence of organized groups. Nowadays man does not conceive individual existence without social function. Still, in relation to Life, society is merely an artificial appendage. Many forms of society have disappeared, but their disappearance has never stopped Life, for it has endlessly persisted even when continents have sunken away.

It is axiomatic that in order to grow and develop himself the fiercest anarchist individualist needed "Socety." He needed it at an age when his character had not yet affirmed itself and when he could neither reason nor draw up any kind of appreciation.

Later on—the cause does not matter—he became a negator of authority and exploitation. Yet, because he found himself face to face with a social contract based essantially upon authority and exploitation, does it follow that he is in any way a debtor to the organization which imposed it upon him?

Besides, what is this organization?

An agglomeration of facts and institutions having for its object the maintenance of the individual in constant subjection and his detention in an enclosure of moral conventions and economic servitude.

Truly enough, members of society have sometimes intellectually, morally and economically revolted against it. Although the Anarchist Individualists have (at least some of them) profited by what these ancestors or forerunners had accomplished or written, they are in no way indebted to them; for it is a fact that these pioneers found in their activity the only reward they were entitled to expect.

"Society" if we are not mistaken means factories, jails, armories, toilers' dwellings, prostitution houses, drinking joints, gambling places, manufacturers of asphyxiating gases and big business.

"Society," no doubt, is the crowd that screams "Hurrah!" at the parade of the crippled from the last general slaughter; it is the long line of hungry men and women in front of missions; it is he who takes his hat off when the flag-bearer goes by and who goes to the circus only when it calls for a sensational and risky stunt.

And to such society the Anarchist Individualist must render account?

Well, factories, big stores, exchanges, pari-mutuals, monstrous guns, aeroplanes, churches, mansions, and all that civilization has produced for the development of the MILIEU of which we are a part, could disappear and nevertheless Life would still continue.

The Life which the Anarchist Individualist wants to live has no relation to the known social life. The Anarchist Individualist leads the existence imposed upon him by the environment because he is compelled, forced and constrained. Just as the prisoner wishes the disappearance of his jailers, so does the Anarchist Individualist wish to see society sink; for it impedes him, narrows his horizon, encumbers his forward movement and renders him a perpetual slave. No matter what his actions are, in the last resort, they always tend to screen him from the haughty arrogance of the social Milieu, or also tend to reduce the latter to pieces, which amounts to the same thing.

Unless he be a fool, the prosperity and future outcome of the "social life" do not bother the Anarchist Individualist; it is enough for him to feel and endure its restraint and tyranny. Life, and life alone attracts him; to live "in freedom" that strongly contrasts with the existence imposed upon him by the economic, political and social conditions. It is Life that interests him, solicits, enlivens and lures him. The "natural" Life, the one which ignores compromises, adulteration, glitter, deception, overcharged reputation, calculation, and climbing . . . in a word, all that characterizes social life, everything which perpetuates "society."

Between "society" and Life the Anarchist Individualist chooses the latter, wishing to live it in spite of all external pressures and forever excluding domination and exploitation of others.

(Translated Jules Scarceriaux)

* * *

. . . If you are not capable of lending us more effective solidarity. If you are not capable of playing with integrity, with arms against the enemy. If you are not capable of joining us in this fight, We tell you: THE REVOLUTION AND ANARCHISM DEMANDS DEEDS, ACTION, SACRIFICES; THE FREE TEACHING OF PRINCIPLES ARE SUPERFLUOUS. NEITHER THE F.A.I. NOR THE C.N.T. NECESSITATES THEM. DO YOU UNDERSTAND IT?

—"TIERRA Y LIBERTD" Barcelona, July 10, '37

FAR SEEKERS

They creep slowly
On toward the light,
Like grim sand-hogs
Under pressure.

JEAN R. MILLER

* * *

PURITAN

The world he found was growing worse,
The country's gears were in reverse.
He measured time and what it made
Out of the wretch who slaved and paid.

He preached and pled and lastly raved;
Then wathcing those he thought he saved,
He saw himself a fool, a clod,
Putting whiskers back on God.

JEAN R. MILLER

* * *

OUT OF THE STILLNESS

O Toil, you who have mounted high,
A ghoul with empty folded hands,
Look down on your servitors. Deny
The bitter charge against these lands
That answer pleas and hope with hunger,
Content to be the cheating monger.
Look not on the earth already made,
But the unfurrowed field and rusted spade;
And hear these voices loudly crying,
Who gave us more than half our might;
Bring them a gift where dark is lying,
Candle their blurred deceptive sight.
Speak through the silence, shape the word,
For this helpless, struggling herd;
Lift their failing faith and give
As Jason's fleece, their right to live.

JEAN R. MILLER

* * *

REBEL POETS

There are those who die and are ever dead,
There are those who die and live on instead.

Their minds are the recreating wombs,
Their souls carry life beyond the tombs.

They are the beacon-lights on life's sea
Flashing their beams to eternity.

LUCIA MORSE RIMBACH

Art and One's Neighbors

There is a popular philosophy more virulent even than the conventional formulas of orthodox Protestantism. In a day when we arbitrarily label every thought or expression of the individual, we look upon one type of activity as being "masculine" and another as being "feminine." One is considered consummately masculine if he drives a street car, sells insurance, or repairs automobiles. One is considered objectionably feminine if he paints pictures, writes poetry, or composes music.

Indeed, the popular myth has made many of us reluctant to admit any abilities which lack the potentialities of rugged accomplishment. Some time ago, I encountered a friend who had expended a great part of his youth in a distinctly utilitarian occupation. Shyly, he confessed to me that he was studying botany. "That may be an effeminate course," he added apologetically: "I shall never make much money out of it, but it may lead me to a position embodying my life interest."

What an unconscious condemnation of our present standards that one must apologize for pursuing his life interest! My mind reverted to an incident in my own life when I had been severely reproached by a filling station keeper for embracing the profession of literature. My erstwhile neighbor glanced unfavorably at my second-best suit, and reproved me:

"When are you going to begin your career? I figure that writing is a woman's game. Now take me. I'm going to accumulate something before I die."

It is perhaps beside the point to mention that my gratuitous adviser eventually became a bankrupt victim of competition, while I still contrive to live passably by my pen. If one were permitted to be "effeminate" in peace, the personal attitudes of his neighbors would be of small consequence. But where the tempo of national life is a boisterous intimacy, one must devise strategies to outwit his questioners. Having learned from sad experience that the question of my income always follows an interrogation about my profession, I very often represent myself to be a gasoline station attendant or an elevator operator.

For if the artist clinically dissects society, he is subjected to a continuous personal dissection once his craft becomes a matter of public knowledge. People who would preserve a decent reticence about inquiring into the private life of a day laborer, ask one unblushingly about his love affairs or the amount he received for some hack article that may have been written in cynical abomination. Were any useful purpose served by this ungratifying curiosity, the situation would be at least tolerable. But the most relentless inquisitors beg copies of magazines in which one appears, but would probably be received with pained contempt were he to request cigarettes or sardines from their counters.

Nor is one ever free from those ubiquitous Samaritans who insist strenuously upon transforming one into a go-getter. Undersanding nothing of the complex mental processes governing creative activity, the good burghers attempt to conscript one into bizarre associations ranging from the Wednesday Evening Psychology Club to the League for Macadamized Paving. "Don't be a sissy," is the stock plea. "Come on out and do your bit for Burghersville. Some of the boys have read your stuff, and think it's great."

He who yields one inch to this invasion of his personality is lost. His natural interest in human beings makes him the target of focal attacks in the form of unwanted offices and committee chairmanships. "You've got what it takes to put it over," one is told as the mantle of responsibility is draped around his reluctant frame. Possibly because artists have no stated place of business and punch no time clocks, they are expected to atone for their lack of commercial aggressiveness by assuming greater civic responsibilities—particularly if they live in small cities where all windows are open for public inspection.

Thus, the creative personality is denied its proper identification with human society. Why cannot painters, musicians, and writers live with their fellow-men and be recognized for their social worth as interpreters; why can they not be recognized as men among men? I cannot subscribe to the mysticism of the aesthetes who speak mournfully about the necessary loneliness of the artist. In primitive societies, the poet exists within his own right, and his poetry does not have to be a lame avocation. I think that his unlettered auditors have a surer sense of cultural and everyday consideration than his more polished cousins in the "civilized" countries.

Quite necessarily, the present social attitude towards the artist drives him further into himself. The chronic myopia of his neighbors prevents him from ever learning their finer aspirations. Almost inevitably, the artist comes to project his own personal values as universal specifics. Thus, his work may reflect a superficial gloss covering a rather barren surface. Either he contrives to make some sort of adjustment, to keep his personal integrity hidden beneath outward conformity, or he accepts society's evaluation of himself as a weak, dispirited creature "no better than a woman."

It may be argued that the genuine artist is able to take care of himself, even if his preservation means isolation in an attic. But there would still be a quarrel with the standard of comparison employed by Burghersville. Everything with any cultural implications is per se "womanish" to the up-and-coming cheese peddlers of the home town. Thus a whole sex, numbering individuals of many different types, is used as a derogatory symbol. Women and male artists share in common highly developed emotional reactions. But Burghersville attaches no value to such intangibles since they can neither be measured by the yard nor sold by the pound. Affection and sympathy, except those of the most puerile types, are naturally considered as hardly tolerable vices. "Swinging a big deal"—this is still the sovereign impulses despite the fervent tub-banging of Messrs, Menken and Lewis.

Eventually, this fact may penetrate even to the comfortable little cities of fifty thousand, so that a person may follow his calling without reproach. What a revolution will then follow in human thought and activity, as men and women begin to perform tasks simply because the performance brings them happiness!

HAROLD PREECE

* * *

"The young should not be revolutionary alone. To be revolutionary does not always mean to be an anarchist; to be an anarchist is to be revolutionary. To make anarchists is to make without doubt, revolutionists.

Young people! Join the young libertarians, read and meditate the books of our writers. Practice their thoughts and you will be worthy of the Tomorrow."

—"RUTA" Barcelona, July 8, 1937

Fascism's Reign in Ethiopia

The Italians are all very sad to-day, because two trains full of wounded have arrived here with news of the Italians having suffered a big defeat in Gondar. There was continued fighting for some days, and the Italians were overwhelmed everywhere, and are reported to have lost 14,000 men.

The Abyssinians have become so bold that they are reported to have burnt Adowa. Tigrians have joined hands with Warriors of Gondar, and from all sides Urgubba, Issa, Damkalies, Kharrayu, Ogaden and Hawiya tribesmen have refused to hand over their arms, and are ready to fight.

The Italians will never be able remain in Addis-Ababa if the warriors of Godjam also take the side of Gondar warriors, and as soon as the rain starts pouring they will march on Addis-Ababa.

If to-day a Commission of the League of Nations would come to Abyssinia they would find that more than 90 per cent of Abyssinia objects to the Italian rule, and even the Somalis who helped them are now hostile to them.

Addis-Ababa.—NEW TIMES & ETHIOPIA NEWS.

CORRESPONDENCE AND DISCUSSION

Whatever We Have Dared to Think — That Dare We Also Say — JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The Chinese–Japanese War

Dear Comrade Graham:

The China-Japanese undeclared war is on. Chinese and Japanese nationalists enthusiastically offer their respective country financial and moral support, many loans are made, ammunition markets prosper and the prices of other commodities are soaring. All this means that the capitalists, politicians, militarists and war advocates are out for their golden harvest.

On the other hand, the people who fight the war supposedly for their country face death and permanent disability. And those who are fortunate to escape this, must shoulder the additional burden of taxation and war loans, making life so much more miserable.

As a result of the teaching of nationalism and military education, the imperialistic Japanese military machine is blowing up homes and killing civilians by the thousands in China.

But we as anarchists, can not and will not participate in the terror of war under the cloak of self-defence. We shall carry on our fight under our own banner toward the realization of our own ideal. We want to build a free society, in which we can have social harmony and individual freedom, through a social revolution.

Yours for freedom,

CHUNG SHIN

* * *

From A Remington Striker

It seems that there is no end to the betrayals of the labor fakers. In fact, the last in the series always vie with the preceding ones for supremacy in shame and ugliness. But the credulous workers are always slow in opening their eyes, and, as in the past, they continue to pay the price of their naivity with tears, misery and persecutions.

The settlement of the last strike which took place here, in Connecticut, against the Remington Typewriter Company, has been heralded by the racketeers of the American Federation of Labor as a victory for the strikers, while the agreement signed with the employers has been proclaimed a specimen of solid guaranty to be taken as an example in future settlements.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. This agreement may well prove to the satisfaction of Mr. A. O. Wharton, president of the Machinist International Union, of Mr. Frick, his assistant, or of Mr. W. Green, the master mind of the betraying coterie, but it certainly was a deception and a mockery for the 700 members of the organization.

Never in the past did a strike cost so many sacrifices as this one which lasted for 14 long and dreadful months; it dried up every resource of the workers and brought them misery and tribulations. All of us have lost something in it: home, furniture, small savings accumulated during long years of painful and continuous work. And now that the fight is over we have nothing left but want and shame.

Through the loopholes of an agreement signed by the labor fakers and countersigned by the cunning paternalism of the Department of Labor, the Remington Company, ignoring the provisions of the agreement itself, found the way of leaving about 900 strikers out in the streets. Only about one hundred of them were rehired in order to save appearances. It is true that now there are about 2000 workers employed in the local plant, but 1900 of them are scabs who, during the strike, had been given our jobs. These jobs they are now keeping, while the strikers who have been blacklisted are being abused and scorned and have fallen victims to the hatred which was accumulated during the strike and which is being expressed and manifested now.

None of the former strikers can get work in other industries. If, by chance, one does find a job, soon it is discovered that he was a striker at Remington, and he is immediately discharged. They have passed the word around: employers, ministers and politicians.

Meanwhile, the so-called leaders of labor continue to proclaim this state of things a victory, with the unconfessed aim of increasing the number of union members to be sold out on the next occasion. The agreement signed with the Remington is nothing short of a deed of sale which has thrown thousands of workers in the bottomless pit of want and misery. This agreement and the open violation of its provisions prove once more the evil doings of trade-union bureaucracy which the workers must eliminate—as they must eliminate the infamous system under which they are forced to exist—if they want to bring about their social and economic emancipation.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN. G. L.

* * *

Fear and Hope for Spain

Dear Comrade Graham:

From an anarchist point of view I consider the beginning of the Spanish revolution of greater significance than the Russian revolution . . . But now, so many things have happened in Spain, so many changes for the worse, conspiracy from the right and the left, from the government itself and from foreign countries that pretend to be revolutionary, all are bent on persecuting and annihilating the anarchist movement in Spain. To our sorrow these powers will not stop at anything until they accomplish their aims, unless the international proletariat arises in time and helps the heroic Spanish revolutionaries destroy fascism forever, otherwise I am afraid the Spanish revolution will be drenched in blood. Mr. Negrin, reactionary minister of Spain today, says: "We cannot talk of peace yet, first we must pacify the rear." "Yes, pacify the rear is the cry of the international bankers, from most of the socalled liberal countries and even the 'red bear' joins in the cry for similar things: "We must liquidate the anarchists and the syndicalists and establish a strong democratic government in Spain."

The Spanish government listens to all these voices and prepares itself to destroy the revolution at its first opportunity. The government has now in the rear an army of guards (carabineros) well armed with all the perfect instruments of war to "pacify" the rear. This army is permanently mobilized against the Spanish proletariat.

I admire the Russian workers for their solidarity towards the Spanish revolutionists by sending them food and things. But the part Stalin and Co. play in Spain is odious to say the least. He helped Spain in some way and got well paid for it, but for this help, given with shameful conditions attached, this aid has done as much harm to the revolution as Franco, Hitler and Mussolini are doing with their mercenaries. Nine months ago the Stalinists began their maneuvers towards the counter-revolution by arresting hundreds of POUM members, lying about them and murdering them and now they are murdering and persecuting the CNT-FAI. Hundreds of our comrades have been killed by Stalinists, chekists and hundreds are in jail now as in the times of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship. If this keeps up I believe the CNT-FAI will have to start a new revolution to free their comrades from prison and themselves from Moscow tyranny.

If Franco wins Spain will be a tool of Italy and Germany and thus convert Spain into a strategic frontier of fascism. So long as Spain remains under the claws of Franco or Russia the revolution in Spain is lost. Russia is playing a despotic and dirty part in Spain for a price. Italy and Germany want to make of Spain their vassal state so that they can master the Mediterranean to further their fascistic aims. France and England have also their stakes in Spain. The arrogant imperialists are playing a murderous game that has no parallel in the history of humanity. Once again the inquisition is running wild in Spain thanks to the checkists, neofascism and fascist beasts.

Mussolini and Hitler wish to make of Spain another Ethiopia. Moscow wants to Russianize Spain with its system of bureaucracy. They all have a stake in Spain and sooner or later unless the wind blows in a different direction, the workers will foot the bill with their lives. One need but notice how busy the communist censors must be in Spain. Just look at the Anarchist papers that come from Spain and there you will see entire columns censored and in some instances only a few sentences remain and the name of the writer. The Spanish anarchists expected different help from the international proletariat and didn't receive it and this fact leads me to believe that they were forced to accept the odious conditions Moscow imposed on the Spanish government and indirectly on the Spanish people. I believe they should never have accepted said help. Mexico has given help to Spain without any political strings attached to it and yet Mexico does not parade to the world as a workers' paradise. Our comrades over there have been in many instances too humane and took too many things for granted. They placed too much faith in the enemies within, drunk with the passion of power, these enemies of the Spanish people will betray them whenever Moscow sends out its orders.

I firmly believe that our comrades deserved some criticisms but I for one could not condemn them as some French comrades have done already in a hasty manner, and especially now that the whole world is against them, without taking into consideration their tragic situation.

In 1873 British and Prussian warships helped the monarchists destroy the first Spanish republic—today—1936-37, we find a more brutal historical repetition: Italian-German-Portuguese soldiers and Moors with the tacit consent of England, France and Portugal invading Spain for the glorification of Fascism. Another great country wants to impose on the Spanish people a new calamity: the dictatorship of the proletariat. The Spanish anarchists rather than succumb to these two destructive forces, fascism and neo-fascisms will die fighting like men.

July, 1937 LOUIS RAYMOND

Book Reviews

BULLETIN of the International Institute for Social History, Amsterdam. E. J. Brill, Leiden, Holland. 1937, Nr. 1., 80pp., 8vo.

The Institute was founded in 1935 with the aim of "promoting the objective study and knowledge of social history." Its varied library has already passed the 100,000 mark. It seeks, and has already acquired, private archives of persons and organizations. Aside from the above BULLETIN, it also issues an INTERNATIONAL REVIEW FOR SOCIAL HISTORY. Its library of old and new newspapers of social-historical interest, brochures, pamphlets, official manifestoes—are all available to the public.

The first issue of the BULLETIN deals with the objects of the Institute, its statutes, Geschriften Uit Aanvang Der Nederlandsche Vredesbeweging, Une Utopie Rare, Catechisme Social by Nicholas Bugnet, Dokumente Zur Geschichte Des Jahres 1848 and a Bibliography of books received by the Institute that were published during 1935.

The Bibliography is very interesting, as it gives under each original-language-title a synopsis in English.

The work, in general, of this Institute holds out a great promise in its International scope. The need for it is beyond any question. All social students throughout the world can and should further its activities in a field where the search for facts and truth are not subjected to any censorship of authorities.

* * *

MEXICO 1936 by William Edward Zeuch. 26 Page pamphlet. 10 Cents. Common Sense, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

The pamphlet is a reprint of the article that appeared in COMMON SENSE. It deals with the Church, Land, Labor and the present Cardenas Government, showing a friendly attitude towards the latter. Mr. Zeuch, formerly of Commonwealth College, now with the Black Mountain College, offers no criticism on the fact which he relates about education in present Mexico: that it consists in "the re-orientation . . . Largely of Marxist indoctrination." Although Mr. Zeuch admits that the "Mexican Workers were bitter a year ago when Cardenas succumbed to the threats of the Morgan interests at the time of the strike of the railwaymen"—he believes that "Cardenas appears (now) to welcome that show of organized power. . . " One might have expected a deeper and more critical approach from a "Professor of Economics" as the title page displays.

* * *

TERROR IN CUBA by Arthur Pincus. 32 Page Pamphlet. Five Cents. Workers Defense League, 112 East 19th St., New York City.

No reader of MAN! need be told what the Terror in Cuba—at the behest of American capitalists, through the U. S. authorities, HAS done and IS doing to the exploited of Cuba.

Mr. Pincus offers a detailed exposure of the economic exploitation by American imperialism that explains the causes for the reign of terror by which the latter keeps down the oppressed masses in Cuba. The pamphlet suffers from too many headings and sub-headings. It likewise fails to offer any explanation, or even as much as mention, the treachery of the Communist leadership of Cuba in its "deals" with the Machado regime that the Anarchists of Cuba charged them with. (See MAN! of November 1933).

* * *

THE FOREIGN BORN IN THE UNITED STATES by Dwight C. Morgan. 82 Page pamphlet. 10 cents. American Committe for Protection of Foreign Born. 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The organization that sponsors the above pamphelt has already made a name for itself. It has so far not made any kind of discrimination toward any political victim. It has at all times offered its aid and cooperation to fight back any unjust attack by the authorities upon aliens. By this very fact alone it has earned the respect and support that it fully deserves from every militant grouping in the country.

In the above pamphlet, its secretary, Mr. Morgan, has performed a most valuable service. He goes into the history of deportations up to the very present moment. An array of detailed facts are brought forward. The whole material is ably arranged and beautifully printed. No one interested in the critical struggle that the oppressed and exploited foreign men and women find themselves facing today in this land of "the free and the brave" can well afford to miss the opportunity of acquiring this arsenal-weapon of facts, as well as in circulating it wide and afar. If anything can aid in opening the eyes of those who have been blinded by ignorance and prejudice, than this pamphlet should prove a boon in tearing off the bandage.

My only criticism and dissent is with Mr. Morgan's explanation under the heading "Background of Deportation for Political Opinion"—page 56-57. The impression created, is, that the Haymarket Massacre, Alexander Berkman's act in the Homestead strike of 1892 and the Czologosz killing of McKinely and the killing of Garfield brought on the deportation act against anarchists in 1903. Mr. Morgan should have learned by now—how easy it is for authorities to lie and offer every sort of alibi for their perfidies. The Anarchists were the most uncompromising rebels, as they remainded so to this very day. THAT and THAT ALONE accounts for the manner in which every existing government throughout the world has combatted and still is combatting them.

Aside from the above erroneous explanation, Mr. Dwight's pamphlet is the best that has so far been printed on this subject.

M. G.

Books and Pamphlets Received

AFTER THE REVOLUTION. (Economic Reconstruction in Spain Today) by D. A. de Santillan. 127 Pages, bound. $1.25. Greenberg, publisher, 67 W. 44th Street, New York City.

COSMEMETAPOLIS par Eugen Relgis, Traduit du Roumain par Rose Arp. 192 Pages, paper-cover. Prix 8 fr. G. Mignolet et Storz, 2 Rue Flechier, Paris IX-e, France.

FREE FERRERO and SALLITTO. Four-page leaflet. A review of the case up to June 1937. Ferrero-Sallito Defense Conference, P. O. Box 181, Station D, New York City.

HMHFCH BSFRD, 96-Page pamphlet in Hebrew, dealing with the Spanish Struggle against Fascism. Issued by the Libertarian Socialists of Palestine. Miss Ada Levy, Afikim, Post Kinereth, Palestine.

SISTERS OF THE ROAD by Dr. Ben Reitman, 314 Pages, bound. $2.50. Maculay, Publishers. New York City.

NO PASARAN! by Upton Sinclair, 96 pages, pamphlet form. 25 cents. Author, Station A, Pasadena, Calif.

INDEPENDENCE

Where is the independence you proclaim
From decorated platforms of the sleek?
Where is the Liberty of which you speak?
Where is your boasted freedom and your fame?
They rest in books, in speeches and in frame.
All green with mold and fouling with decay,
While those who toil are starving, turning gray
As drying fuel to feed the rulers' flame.

The people, weary of your voice and drum,
And weary of your lies and bloated smile
Are shaping thoughts that in a little while
Will even up your long, befuddled sum.
Then all will live the freedom of the mass
And none by will or caprice of a class.

JACK GREENBERG

ART and LITERATURE

THE REPORTER

(A Novellette in Three Parts)

William Allen Ward

PART II: FRUITS OF SOCIETY—THE UNDERWORLD.

When I returned to police headquarters a few hours later, I started my first crusade . . .

Anyway, I wasn't afraid of the whole police department. I wasn't in the market for a crusade to conduct, but I wanted to whip the police department . . . I knew the gang that was "on the in" was rotten to the core. So, I determined to set off the fire works.

The Chief was moderately cooled off and permitted me to enter. I actually believe that rough-faced old wharfus had a bit of respect for me . . . he was a fighter and liked a fighter.

His interview went like this: "The red light district is closed. No more bootleg joints operating. Only legal places open. No dope being sold . . . we've turned out the red light . . . everything is okeh."

Personally, I didn't give a damn if the red light kept burning. I was interested only in the fight that the matter offered. So, I started out seriously on my first crusade.

"So you've got a new disease for us tonight, Undertaker," Stuffy said. "Anemia this time . . . better watch your step or you'll be all broken out with a red rash about the chest . . ."

"Now listen here, Gowins," the Undertaker said, getting up from his seat. "I might have a lot of bad health but I ain't got a new hat in my locker and I saw you put one in yours tonight . . . I ain't gonna let no flatfoot buy me with a lid or even a suit of clothes . . . listen, Stuffy, when I sell out, it's going to be big dough . . . don't forget that. I figure I'm worth more than a $10 hat!"

Stuffy started to say something when the chief approached.

"Listen, Gowins," the Chief said. "You are assigned to the courts and get some news down there . . . and you better not be bringing too many hats or suits of clothes in this office for I might get suspicious myself" . . .

"O Chief," Stuffy cut in. "You don't think a reporter is grafting when he lets a lawyer or a detective buy him a hat . . . why, they would get offended if I didn't accept their little courtesies."

"On your way," the Chief said. "And don't let me hear of you accepting any skyscrapers or oil leases for keeping some guy's name out of the paper who happens to be caught with a dame who isn't his wife. And get some news down there and it's news . . . you went to sleep on the police run. I'm changing you on the theory that new scenery will help you . . . adios Stuffy, bring in some good divorce cases . . . human interest stuff."

I walked from the city room, headed for the police station. Now, it was mine assignment without any overseeing by Stuffy Gowins.

They called the red light or reservation Hell's Half Acre, a name notorious in the crime history of America. When a woman went "down to the acre" she had gone to hell . . . there was no recalling . . . no hope. So, all women in the acre were scums of the earth. Saloons were on each corner of the streets with so-called "cribs" between. Prostitutes were permitted to stand in these small one-room houses and whisper things to men, but not to stand on the sidewalk. It was here that life existed at its worst . . . sexual perverts of every type existed. Dope joints had been well laid beneath the sidewalks by that mysterious chink from Sn. Francisco's Chinatown, known by the name of Fu. Pimps walked the sidewalks and nude shows were common in scores of places. The Chief of Police claimed the Acre had been closed. I went down to see.

"Why, hello there Dickie, ole boy," a familiar voice called from a dark sidewalk.

It was the Chief himself . . . Bob Fletcher, my city editor. A cigarette was hanging from the corner of his mouth and I smelled liquor on his breath, although he was not a bit under the influence of whisky.

"It's a laugh, kid," the Chief sneered. "Just closed the doors, that's all . . . why I have got the goods on them . . . I found a nice little spec girl in that crib . . . plenty uv girlies down there and they are selling bootleg in a dozen joints."

The Chief was pointing to a ramshackle house across the street.

"She was a pretty fair dame at that!" he said. "Pick up a few side lights . . . I'm gonna burn 'em down . . . got the goods on 'em . . . when I burn 'em down, they stay burned."

The Chief walked away. I was getting a bit used to his eccentric ways Yet, I was amazed at his absolute boldness in admitting his method of getting the evidence.

I walked a few steps and then I met Jenny. She was sitting on the sidewalk beneath a street light, smoking a cigarette. Her hair was strown about her head in a terrible mess and her eyes were sulken orbs of hell fire. Jenny was the most unhappy of creatures.

"Hello, Jenny," I said. She stabbed me with the daggers that came from her black eyes.

"You sunch," hissed Jenny. "After a woman has been a whore all her life then you go make things so hard for her that she can't even sell her goods to get something to eat. You are just a sunch, which in the Acre is short for son-of-a-bitch . . . "

"But Jenny" . . . I was saying.

Then Mary Neall, sob sister, star reporter, cynic and a few other things, came along, ever on the alert for a good feature story.

"What you doing here, Dick?" she demanded. "Trying to make it tough on this poor woman . . . Jenny needs a 'pop' . . . that's all that is wrong with her . . . just give her that extra dollar you've got and Fu, down in the cellar beneath Mendoza's joint will fill her full of hop . . . it's a sin to do her this way."

"But Marie," I said. "It's wrong to buy dope for her . . . it's against the law . . ."

"Lissen, bo," Marie sneered. "We're in the Acre and that ain't no law down here. I'd give her a buck if I had it . . . but I'm flat . . . just bought a pint from Mendoza to get some evidence against him . . . he's bootlegging The damn cops want Jenny to squeal on her sweetie . . . they think he stuck up a dump out of the Bankhead Highway—call it the Green Window, a night club . . . the guy who runs the place got bumped off . . . they won't let her have a pop of dope until she squeals" . .

Marie stopped as spell-bound. She looked into the face of Jenny.

"Dick, gimmie a dollar . . . "Marie snapped. "Come on, make it snappy. I've got an idea for a front page story . . . we won't use any 96 point Chelt, caps on this eight-column banner, you know that wooden type ol' Gaffeny, the make-up man, has been using for the banner on the second coming of Christ. . . . well, that's what we gonna use on this yarn . . . come—get that dollar."

There was nothing else to do.

"Jenny, wantta kick the gong a while?" Marie said in a voice that sounded more like a carnivore huntress on the look for fresh meat. "Tell me your story, Jenny, who killed the guy at the Green Window? . . . say Camenetti, that wop, ain't so hot . . . he'll sell you . . . here's a buck, honey, if you start talking . . , not to the cops this time but to me . . . I want the whole yarn. I'm not going to buy you any gong kicking powder . . . but you can do what you want to with the buck . . . Fu is just down the street."

Jenny started talking. She was shaking, as if suffering from an auge. Her desire for dope was beyond what little self control she had left.

"Tony Camenetti, my man, he killed the Greek at the Green Window," Jenny whimpered. "Now, come on, gimme the buck. I'm dying for hop . . . "

"But the rest of the story," asked Marie. "What makes you stick around police headquarters? . . . why do the cops feed you on hop? what makes you a stool?"

"You oughtta know," Jenny whispered. "They got me on the spot. I talked and they give me a pop in the arm . . . I sent three men to the hot chair but, God, I hate to talk about that . . . you see, I had the inside dope and gave the tip off and all I got for sending those poor devils to the chair was three shots of morph . . . this is a hell of a life . . . some day . . : Marie . . . I'm bumping off . . . but I'll think of you and Dick, I'll kill myself on your time so you can make the final . . : I hate that HERALD—that morning paper."

"Okey, kid," Marie snapped as she shoved a dollar bill into Jenny's hand and dashed away." "I'll be seeking you at the big round up when we pull this yarn . . . phone the Chief and tell him I'm coming with an extra—be sure and tell him. I've got the police scandal of the age!"

I started down the street. Suddenly out of a dark side street came a big automobile. The car paused for a minute in front of a dive where Calhoun intersects East Fifteenth Street—the darkest pit of Hell's Half Acre. There was a flash of lightning from a car window.

"Rat—tat—rat—tat—rat—tat" the machine guns sang. Then the big automobile hurled at tremendous speed up Calhoun. For a moment I was still, then I rushed to the dive—three men were dead—a fourth man, who looked like a Mexican and said his name was Juan—was rushing about the room, so frightened he didn't know what to do.

The Mex, finally held himself together and began sputtering." It was Camenetti's gang— they never did like Ace Gomez . . . claimed he was chiselling on them—anyway, Camenetti wiped out Gomez's gang 'sept jus' a few who happened to be out uv the joint."

A moment later I heard sirens, ambulances, police. I raced to a telephone and started giving the Chief details of the big gang fight.

"'Nuff fer an extra!" shouted the Chief. "Here's Marie, give her the rest."

". . . . The shooting took place at exactly 8 o'clock. I was saying. "The big car drove away as machine guns still sputtered . . ."

"Hey, you dumb!" Marie screamed. "What's the idea—ain't you tipped the Chief off to my yarn?"

"Come off, sister, don't turn female," I snapped. "This is a gang war and an extra yarn—if you can't take it . . . give the receiver to somebody else."

"Cool off," Marie said calmly. "Don't get excited . . . shoot the works. There's coming for takes . . . want this story in paragraphs . . . give all the gory details."

Soon "Extra! Extra!" echoed down the street. It was my story. I raced to the nearest newsboy and bought a copy. Poor Marie . . . Her story carried only an inside banner and in the rush of make up the proof room let an error get by . . . her by-line was spelled Mary, instead of Marie . . . that always was one of the things Marie hated.

* * *

A short time later I went back to detective headquarters. It was then I learned that jackasses bray louder when among other jackasses. The big bellied cops stalked about the room reading the TELEGRAM and braying very loudly. Evidently they were not worried about the shooting scrape that had wiped out a gang . . . but that story of sob sister Marie Neall had been a knock-out blow . . . the Chief of Police came in and brayed exceptionally loud . . . then the other asses joined in braying. They could see but one side of the question. It was that night that I learned that ignorance is an ass on which bigotry rides along the muddy road of intolerance.

"That Ku Klux Klan is a damn good idea," I heard one big flat-foot say as he switched a cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. "Take some of these bastards and whip hell out of 'em . . . tar and feather them and they will behave a little better . . . "

That was the first mention of the Ku Klux . . . It was 1921 and the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan of the modern era was just raising the fiery cross on the horizon of time . . . just starting to stir the deep cutting racial and hatreds which always cut deep in the South—especially in Texas. The Ku Klux Klan, like an ugly scorpion, began crawling across the face of time.

I put my head close to the ground that evening, Indian-like, and by keeping my mouth shut, learned that organizers already were in town . . . the hooded klansman soon would be riding!

As I sat in detective headquarters along came Stiffy Gowens, erswhile police reporter on the TELEGRAM. "Howdy, Kid," he said in a crisp voice, still denoting that he came from somewhere in the general vicinity of Boston.

With me the Civil war long ago had ended. Although my grandfather followed Pickett up the ridge at Gettysburg and got a piece of led in his hip, I was like most Southwesterners, the Civil war was over . . . we didn't care if a fellow came from Indiana or Virginia, we liked them for what they were . . . I liked Stiffy and was extremely glad to see him.

"What you doing?" I asked, "covering Federal Court?"

"Oh, Dickie, ol' pal . . . ol' pal," Stiffy said. "Removing that brown derby he always wore." Come down to earth (he moved that giant cigar from his mouth) . . ' I'm on the in now . . ."

"What you mean, Stiffy?" I asked. "Ain't you with the TELEGRAM anymore? Don't mean you've resigned?"

"Exactly ,my lad," Stiffy sneered. "Well, I didn't really resign. That old gorilla, Bob Fletcher . . . "

In an instant my face flushed. After all Bob Fletcher was my friend and I liked him."

"Go easy there, Stiffy," I said." You're my friend, but the Chief also is my friend . . . don't say anything about him to me . . . "

"Oh, kid, don't wax sentimental" Stiffy said kiddingly. "I used to have such ideals myself. . . . The Chief is just a sunch."

"Gowins." I said, drawing back my fist. "I'll knock hell out of you right here if you don't swallow that word . . . "

A gang of coppers gathered around. I spied Sob Sister Marie among them. The cops seemed friendly toward Stiffy . . . that was odd! In the past Stiffy wasn't in such good graces at police headquarters.

"Okeh, kid," Stiffy snapped. "If you feel that way about it—if you want to get all boiled up, let's go . . . I am on the HERALD now. Also got a little sideline that you might be hearing about late . . . and WILL I CUT YOUR THROAT!"

The coppers roared in laughter. Marie came out of hiding and pointed her finger at Stiffy Gowins in an accusing manner. "You God-Damn louse," Marie opened with her first broadside. "You ain't so hot . . . the Chief fired you . . . so you go over to the HERALD, the Ku Klux Klan paper, and tie up with Sally Owens, also a 'can' off the TELEGRAM . . . she's a sob sister over there now . . . you remember the dame who the Chief fired because she couldn't put enough, iron, quinine and strichnine in a feature yarn . . . but the truth of the matter is both of you are secret agents for the big wizard, cyclops, or what have you of the Ku Klux Klan and all you cops are members of the same bunch of braying jackasses. . . . Listen, you eggs—all of you—I'm a member of the Roman Catholic Church—a Catholic to the core . . . now you bunch of bigoted Jackasses try flogging me . . . I started out to be a nun . . , stayed in a convent two months one time. I am not afraid of all the hooded bastards in the United States. Now, come along, you bull frogs and get behind your bed sheets and start singing 'America' . . . I had a brother who went to France—he stopped a machine bullet at Chateau Thierry . . . and by the way, Griffin, you big louse of a copper . . . he missed you over there! (Griffin was a 220-pound member of the 'force'). No, in 1917, when they were asking the boys to go overseas and stopped the Germans, they didn't bother about race, creed or place of birth. A Catholic . . . even a nigger, could die and no questions were asked."

I never heard Marie so warmed up with oratory in all my life. She was at her best. The cops were spellbound. They grinned sheepishly as she walked away. Stiffy Gowens puffed at his huge cigar.

As Marie walked away I surveyed my friend who everybody knew in Dallas by the name of Stiffy Gowins. I had noticed he talked in an accent denoting New York's East Side.

"Say, Stuffy," I said, "you seem to have the 'low down' on this Ku Klux stuff . . . let me on 'the in'—what's it all about, anyway?"

Stuffy drew near. I observed for the first time that he was Jewish in type . . . not that it made any difference with me . . . but I just couldn't keep from smiling. The Ku Klux Klan, founded to save America from destruction by Jews, Catholics, aliens and Negroes, was being "managed" in Dallas, the southwestern hot bed of the Klan by a Jew!

Stuffy threw down the cigar with the announcement that he never could learn to smoke cigars and lighted a cigarette.

"Well, Kid, I'll tell you the truth, Abe Gowens ain't anybody's fool," Stuffy said. "I too, read the poem on the wall, and also looked at the picture . . . Well, I ain't gonna sit on any park bench when I'm old and down and out."

"Well, tell me about the Ku Klux," I insisted.

"Don't you squeal, Dick," Gowens said. "I'll give you the 'in' on most of the stuff you keep quiet . . . no, nobody in the Ku Klux even suspects that I'm Jewish. I don't look so much like one . . . I've been away from New York long enough to talk like a Texan and I'm not going to spoil my chances . . . I'm business manager for Dallas Klan, No. 619, getting members to join. It costs them 25 bucks and I get $10 out of every man I sign as a member. Say, boy, it's a racket . . . you give us good publicity and I'll split with you . . . we'll make a clean-up."

"Hay, YOU," the hard-boiled sergeant said. "Hang your ear on this telephone—it's the city ed. callin' you . . .

The Chief sure was on a rampage. He didn't start off

(Concluded on Page Eight)

UNDER the REIGN of the IRON HEEL — GOVERNMENTS

Italy

In Southern Italy the misery is insupportable, which explains the rising that took place a short time ago against the podestas in the land of the Basilicate-Vignola-in Marcianisi near Naples and in Sardinia, in the province of Cagliari. The causes of these manifestations are purely economical. But in various centres of Northern Italy other oppositional movements were of quite a political character. Bills have been found posted on the walls: "Down with the war. Call our soldiers back from Spain. Down with fascism." Anti-fascistic leaflets have been circulated: clandestine collections of money, for the republican struggle in Spain, made. During the second half of April the police made many arrests among various categories of the inhabitants of Milan, Turin, Genoa, Fienza and Forli."

At the end of April the aforementioned paper (Giustizia e Libertá, wherefrom the news given herein is taken—Editor). —had already reported the arrest of a hundred students, teachers and artists. Twenty-five young artists in Millan were arrested because they had expressed their sympathy with Republican Spain. The painters Birolli, Mucchi, Sassu and the sculptor Manzu were imprisoned. The Special Tribunal sentenced two members of the group Giustizia e Libertá to twelve years imprisonment each. Michele Guasced libertarian syndicalist worker to eight years' imprisonment, and two other workers, Delsanto and Depasquale to twelve and two and a half years' imprisonment respectively. Report was also of a rumor that arrests had been made among the officers of the army in Novara, which is explainable if an American report is true that the colonel of a regiment of Lancers, garrisoned at Parma, delivered the following address to his officers: "I have here a ministerial dispatch inviting you to enlist for Spain. You love your army, your fatherland and your King. You are above all Italian officers, as I am myself. And, as one officer to another, I must tell you that whoever consents to go to Spain is nothing more than a mercenary, a soldier of fortune."

In a letter from Avenza de Carrara is to be read: "Events in Spain have caused much commotion among the masses of the people. We reported a month ago that considerable arrests have been made. Of those under arrest thirty were transferred to the fortress of Marsa and imprisoned there. We live under a sort of nightmare. One can say that we are subjected to a real state of siege. The civilians are not allowed to meet and form groups of more than three persons. After nine in the evening all traffic is forbidden." (G. e L. 30/4).

At Livorno, anti-fascists, taking advantage of the darkness during anti-aircraft manoeuvres, covered the walls with revolutionary pamphlets. The police arrested a large number of persons.

The opposition is more active today than yesterday. Smaller in numbers, but stronger and more determined. It has no nostalgia, no memories even; ejected from the community, it works quietly for the future. We have spoken of Gramsci and Gobetti. We could speak of Bauer, Rossi, Terracini, Parodi, Vinciguerra, Giau, Pesenti, Foá, Monti, Mila and Fancello. Hundreds, for the greater part workers, whose names it is even difficult to get to know, appear every year before the Special Tribunal, to be sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. The most extraordinary thing about it, the most trustable, is the calmness, the simplicity with which these young men sacrifice themselves in the most complete silence, the obstinacy with which they begin the strife once more when they are released from prison ,the patient exertion with which they try to change their years of imprisonment into years of study.

Something of the same kind Italy knew during the Risorgimento. But the Risorgimento was especially a bourgeois affair, while now it is the people, the workers, who form the vanguard. And then too the foreign countries were in opposition, but the whole people in favour, while now the persecution comes from their own people. 20.000 brought before the courts. 15.000 deported, without counting those who have emigrated and the wave of arrests—impressive figures, especially if we remember that it is a question of people who threw themselves into the struggle after the old opposition was destroyed, consequently knew what they had to expect.—PRESS SERVICE INTERNATIONAL ANTI-MILITARIST COMMISSION.

* * *

Japan

"TOKYO, July 20.—Reikichi Kita, Prof. of Chinese philosophy of Waeda University, and 21 others were arrested today on suspicion of distributing seditious literature."—ASSOCIATED PRESS.

* * *

Russia

"MOSCOW, July 20.—Execution of 24 more alleged "Trotskyist and terrorist spies and wreckers" was reported from the Soviet Far East (Khabarovsk).—ASSOCIATED PRESS.

* * *

"Officials of Karelin Republic convicted of Sabotage in Paper and Timber Mills. Seven jailed in Yaroslov."—HEADINGS OVER NEWS STORY IN THE N.Y. TIMES, AUG. 1.

* * *

"Soviet purge hits Tadjik officials. The Premier, Vice-Premier and others are removed as Trotskyists or Spies."—HEADING OVER NEWS-STORY IN THE N.Y. TIMES, AUG. 5.

* * *

"72 more Russians executed as spies. Latest shootings, bringing the Siberian total to 310 in three months, follow fatal wreck."—HEADINGS OVER NEWS-STORY IN THE N.Y. TIMES. AUG. 12.

* * *

Spain

The Valencia government has just closed all the radio stations belonging to all political parties and trade union organizations. Tuesday, June 1st, at 7:30 P. M. The government radio will now be the only one now permitted to function The workers lose this important medium of communication but refuse to break the anti-Fascist front. They will not allow themselves to be drawn into a civil war as long as the war against Hitler, Mussolini and Franco lasts. Neither will they forget who are their enemies and who their friends when the war is over. —BULLETIN OF INFORMATION CNT-FAI.

* * *

"The agents of the Russian imperialism—the LIBERTAIRE of July 8th, 1937, wrote—are continuing their work in loyalist Spain. After having made themselves master, via the communist, antifascist or republican organizations, of the leading positions in the police, in the army and in the courts of justice, they have proceeded to the destruction of the boldest and most active revolutionaries.

The Madrid daily paper of the CNT, CASTILLA LIBRE, has been forbidden, as well as NOSOTROS, Valencia's daily of the FAI; MUJERES LIBRES and the weekly paper IDEAS have likewise been forbidden, because they did not submit to censorship.

SOLIDARIDAD OBRERA announces in a slightly censored article that police razzias have been held in Barcelona and a large number of foreigners arrested .... An article in JUVENTUD LIBRE relating to the disappearance of Martinez (Secretary of the Front of the Revolutionary Youth of Catalonia, about whom it is suspected that he has been murdered by the Stalinists. IAC) was mutilated line for line by the censor.

Other tactics of extermination are applied to the confederal columns (that is to say units of troops formed of members of the CNT) of Madrid: they are sent systematically to the most dangerous places and those who protest against it are shot . . .

The POUM, an organization much weaker than the CNT-FAI, has been placed outside the pale, and has now no single means of defence: neither wireless nor newspaper, neither meetings nor militant. The most cowardly libels are circulated against this organization. These revolutionaries, who have fought since July 19 at the front and behind the front, who stood during the May days on the side of the Anarchist Committees, are accused—in agreement with the traditions of the Stalinists—of being the paid spies of Franco, of being part of the Fifth Column, that is to say, secret fascists.

The protests against this in the revolutionary press, and in particular in that of the CNT-FAI are censored without pardon.

It is time that the police and provocative methods, which the GPU is endeavoring to introduce in Spain, should be denounced in the sharpest manner by the international proletariat.

It is not by any means a question of approving of the one or other political point of view of the oppressed revolutionary organizations—it is a question in these organizations to defend the Iberian proletarian revolution, it is of importance to expose the disgusting methods of the Russian state apparatus, which wants to colonize Spain and draw it into its imperialist course."

The paper reports further that various organizations have sent in protests against the oppressive measures in Spain and that eminent militants, whose impartiality is above all doubt, have protested in a letter to the Spanish Embassy in Paris. Various delegations have betoken themselves to this Embassy to ask for an explanation and guarantees in connection with the proceedings against the revolutionaries, which are in preparation. From France as well as from England a delegation has left for Spain to act on behalf of the victims of the suppression. If the counter-revolution of the Stalinists and bourgeois elements cannot be stopped by protests, yet it is possible to exercise an impeding influence in this direction by publication in the papers of all deeds of arbitrariness and oppression, directed against the left socialist movement of all shades of opinion. Protests are only effective if supported by strong public opinion.—PRESS SERVICE INTERNATIONAL ANTI-MILITARIST COMMISSION.

Valencia, July 21, 1937

My Dear Helmut:

I write to you in the name of seven Comrades, who are being detained, upon lawful and half-lawful grounds, in the church of St. Ursula.

Together with me there are in jail: Engels Arulsd (he is kept in a separate cell), Helmut Biershied, Fred Wisnthaler, Egon Eilfeld, Hans Levy, Michel and Gustl. Michel and Gustl are now in the Province-Hospital of Valencia. Hans Levy is very ill. I myself have pneumonia.

The jail is a very dirty one and unhealthy. The eats are tolerable. We are short: towels, soap and underwear. We are not allowed to obtain the necessary things with our own money.

We are not allowed to communicate with our organisation "German Anarcho-Syndicalists" and with our families. We were brought several times before the investigaters.

We are accused in espionage, in having relations with the Hitlerite "Gestapo," during the late events (May 1937) in Barcelona. This is a wild absurdity, and the authorities had to labor for months, in order to concoct such false accusations.

In the church of St. Ursula there are 150 arrested politicals. Sixty per cent of these are foreigners, most of these—Germans. It is more a concentration camp than a jail. Every day we must undergo different insults and tortures.

Do everything, that is only possible, to save us from here. If no aid comes from the outside, we are lost. Spanish officials question us, but the commissars, who are helping them out, are Russian and German Communists . . . these people are the real bosses here.

The 29th of July we declare a hunger-strike. Help us, ere it be too late!

With regards to all Comrades!

GUSTL.

—FREIE ARBEITER STIMME.

* * *

(Helmut (M. Dashar), to whom this letter has been addressed, is the Secretary of the Anarcho-Syndicalist International Worker's Association.—EDITOR).

* * *

United States

"Says killing of 10 was 'justifiable.' Coroner's jury gives verdict clearing Chicago police in Memorial Day rioting. State's Attorney will press charges of conspiracy against 20 strikers." —HEADINGS OVER NEWS-STORY. IN THE N.Y. TIMES, July 21.

* * *

"Police denounced in Senate report on riot in Chicago. Action in Memorial Day Strike clash was 'unwarranted,' says La Follette body. Film evidence stressed."—HEADINGS OVER NEWS-STORY IN THE N.Y. TIMES, JULY 23.

* * *

The American Civil Liberties Union has released a detailed account of the first six months (of this year) workers' toll in the class struggle of United States. Twenty-four workers were killed and 490 injured. The greater number of those killed and wounded was the work of the "law and order" badge fraternity. That of the others—by the hired thugs of the exploiters. One police officer was killed and 70 injured. One scab lost his life and 31 were injured.

INTER-NOS

The response to our effort to continue MAN! and to make also possible its regular appearance has met with considerable moral and material success. The contents of the present issue speaks for itself as to the moral success. The financial report shows a deficit, and a deficit implies irregular appearances of MAN!, a thing that every true friend of this journal must not allow to happen again, as we are bent upon issuing MAN! each month. Comrades of California have shown the way, and it is now up to the Comrades of every other part of the country not to lag behind.

* * *

HOW TO HELP MAN!

Helping to circulate MAN! by placing it on newsstands wherever radical publications are one sale.

Arranging of affairs and obtaining of new readers.

Buying of any newly published book through our Library Department.

* * *

Financial Statement

(June 15 to August 15—Issues of July-August and September)

INCOME:

PREVIOUS ADMINISTRATION: $60.00, CALIFORNIA.—Through L. N. — Newsstand ₡2.20, L. M. .80, F. F. $1.00, J. F. $1.00, total $6.00, L. B. $1.00, Á. A. $1.00, C. M. .50, K. A. 25, P—s, $1.00, Newsstand $1.00, A. B. $2.00, S-b $2.00, M-e 1.00, P. K $1.00, Luncheon-Discussion $18.75, List of L. N. L. N. $5.10, E-y $5.00, S-i $5.00, S-i $5.00, D-p $2.00, J. F. 2.00, G. P. $10.00, S. M. 5.00, S. O., $1.00, G. G. $1.00, A-p $2:00, S. P. $2,00, A, G. $2.00, P-l $2.00, D. E. .50. S. F. $1.50, P. K. $2.00, Z-k .50, P. P, $3.00, G. C. $5.00, N. D. A. $5.00.—Total ____ $61.60.

IDAHO—W. J. R. $1.00.

ILLINOIS—N. P. $2.00, C. Club $5.00.

MASS.—R. H. $1.00.

MISSOURI—H.S. $1.00.

NEW JERSEY—Kropotkin Group $7.00, A. S. $1.00, S. B. $1.00.

OHIO—T. D. $1.00, J. J. K. .50.

PENN.—A. S. $1.00, D. L. $1.00.

WASHINGTON—C. P. $2.00, J. B. $2.50, O. W. $5.00, N. J. B. $1,00, G. T. $1.00. Total $181.60.

Expenditures _____ $200.37

Total Income _____ $181.60

DEFICIT _____ $ 18.77

* * *

PAMPHLET FUND

WASHINGTON—G. T. .50,

CALIFORNIA—Three Comrades $10.00.

TOTAL $10.50.

THE REPORTER

(Continued from Page Seven)

with the field pieces but opened with the coast artillery first.

"What about that flogging?" the Chief bellowed. "Aw, come on, don't say you never heard of a flogging . . . well get on the job, a bunch of white hooded guys just beat up a nigger and tarred and feathered him. Then pitched him out of a car in front of the Adolphus hotel. They used acid to brand a 'K' on his forehead . . . said he had been pimping for a white chippie in the hotel . . . we've got that much for the papers . . . you get what the police have to say about."

Big news . . . the klansmen were riding. I dashed into police headquarters and asked for Sergeant Briggs who should have been on duty.

"He's off fer to-night," another big bellied bull said between snores. "I'm takin' his place."

A quick survey showed that two sergeants always on duty at night were "taking a night off." It looked so suspicious that I phoned the Chief about it. Thereafter we were both sure that the police department was a klan stronghold.

* * *

That night we had a staff meeting around the city editor's desk. The M.E., George Danning, came out of his private office and delivered one of the most fiery speeches I've ever heard. The managing editor had been a bit in the back ground until on this occasion. I learned that he, as well as the city ed. could cuss.

"We are against the klan," Danning snapped. "We will whip that gang if it takes every dollar we've got . . . Fletcher, give your men their orders . . . we will fight this gang of jackasses till hell freezes and then keep on fighting them."

The Chief drawled in a slow tone that meant business, "Well, you've got your orders . . . we are against the Ku Klux . . . we'll whip 'em. I expect every member of the editorial staff to be loyal. This is the biggest fight the TELEGRAM has ever faced . . . stick by the old sheet."